The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1906.

The Week.

In selecting Charles H. Keep as Superintendent of Banks, Governor-elect Hughes has made an appointment which is not only excellent in itself, but is an earnest of the intention of Mr. Hughes to live up to his campaign pledges. There is especial significance in his dwelling upon Mr. Keep's expertness in financial matters. This can mean only that the new Superintendent will be expected to aid the Governor in that thorough investigation of the Kilburn régime which Mr. Hughes has promised. Apart from this, Mr. Keep's high personal standing, and peculiar competence gained by years of service in the Treasury Department at Washington, emphasize happily the new spirit that is to prevail at Albany. Important offices, it would appear, are not to be regarded as either a means of furnishing out-door relief to indigent politicians, or as rewards to party workers or personal supporters, but, rather, as opportunities for serving the State. It is not to be expected, of course, that Mr. Hughes will be able to find ideal men for all the appointments he will be called upon to make, but his choice of Mr. Keep shows at least that he means to hold the ideal always in view. From Kilburn to Keep is certainly a long step forward.

Happily there is in the Senate one man who will speak out against the further increase of our army and navy burdens. Senator Eugene Hale of Maine has been warmly opposing the bill to enlarge the artillery of the army. To Senator F. E. Warren, the sponsor of the bill, Mr. Hale justly remarked: "The Senator ought to remember that we have no enemies." He then pointed out that the increase of the army is urged now by one corps, now by another. First, having the troops, we are asked to provide defences; and then, having built the defences, we must get more coast guns. Likewise in the navy the cry is first more ships and then more men, and next more ships for the men, and so on world without end. We wish that the following words of Senator Hale might be put into the hands of every business man the country over:

> The military establishments are alike. Each is seeking to aggrandize itself, and each sees nothing in the disposition of the revenues of the Government except to increase expenditures. I do not suppose the people appreciate (I do not know that the Senate does) that two-thirds of the revenues of the Government to-day are devoted to the payment of inheritances from past wars, like pensions, which nobody can stop, and expenditures in view of future wars. Of all the taxes that are laid and all the revenues collected nearly two-thirds are expended for the military in a broad way.

The report of the House Currency Committee on the credit currency plan follows with reasonable closeness the outline agreed upon at the recent Washington conference of bankers. The proposal is that a national bank may issue, without bond security, notes up to 40 per cent. of its existing bond-secured circulation, but that such credit issues shall not exceed one-fourth of its capital, and shall pay a tax of 3 per cent. In addition, it may issue notes up to 12½ per cent. of capital, but this supplementary circulation will be taxed 5 per cent. A cash reserve equal to that already kept against deposits, must be maintained against all this credit currency. A somewhat interesting comment in the report is that the committee "recognizes no difference between this credit currency and deposits subject to check." The security against the notes is ample; the plan dispenses with the tying-up of capital in Government bonds, but introduces, what does not now exist, the safeguarding of notes with a reserve of lawful money. Such an arrangement would certainly facilitate hand-to-hand payments in the busy season; whether it will, as the committee asserts, "almost invariably prevent any panic whatever," is a much more doubtful question. Panics occur because of loss in value of property, loss of confidence in individual credit, and inability to command resources to pay debts. It is therefore difficult to see how any note-issue system ever contrived can prevent such a situation when over-confidence, abuse of credit, and overvaluation of property have brought about the crisis. Nor is it by any means certain that the credit-note plan will do away with absorption of Eastern reserve money for the use of inland communities at the busy season. The West calls for such reserve money at those times because the money belongs to it, having been left with the East at a time of dull interior trade; and because the West needs the "lawful money," both as reserve aganst its own expanded bank liabilities and for the "small-note circulation" which bank currency cannot provide. We mention these facts, not for the sake of criticism, but because, in our judgment, the worst mistake would be to promise too much with a new system which is at best experimental. For the rest, the passage of this bill in the present short session, amended or unamended, is hardly to be expected, unless the wheels of legislation move with unwonted rapidity. But the way will at all events be marked out for a future session.

Samuel Gompers's flat charge that forged petitions in favor of the ship subsidy bill have been sent to Congress in the name of the Marine Trades Council of the Port of New York, at least invites attention to the machinery by which pro-subsidy "sentiment" is being worked up in this country. The District Attorney's office is investigating now the story of a man who says he recived from one Alexander C. Smith a check for $2,000, which he was to spend without an accounting, for sending copies of a set of resolutions and a request for their passage to some 14,000 local labor organizations, all this being done on imitated letter paper of the Marine Trades Council, and with the rubber-stamp signature of its secretary. Whether or not any literally criminal act has been committed, the fact remains that the subsidy lobby, liberally supplied with funds, is making every effort to produce the semblance of a popular demand for the "shipping bill."

The producers of doctored and dubious food and drink products, and not the consuming public, are making their wants felt at Washington, where regulations are being drawn for the administration of the Pure Food law. Representatives Longworth of Ohio and Graff of Illinois introduced to Secretary Wilson, the other day, a delegation of "neutral spirit" manufacturers, who entered protest against the tentative ruling of the Department regarding "blended" whiskey. That decision, that the mixture of neutral spirits with rye or bourbon cannot be labelled "blended whiskey," will, so the delegation said, "imperil their business and be a grave injustice." If the drastic ruling stands, these distillers will simply be confronted by the necessity of making a market for their product, alcohol and water flavored with whiskey, under some other name. These injured manufacturers can make something that looks, smells, tastes, and intoxicates like whiskey. It is certainly no less wholesome—according to their own claims it is often more wholesome—and they can undersell the makers of pot-still whiskey by a tremendous percentage. If people will not drink the stuff under these circumstances, why under the sun should the Government be asked to help sell it, by permitting the use of a disingenuous label?

Last spring it was San Francisco's physical ruin which called out the sym-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pathy of the world; this winter it is her subjection to the powers of immorality. Last week, for instance, Rudolf Spreckels revealed Boss Ruef's little scheme for throwing a municipal bond issue into the hands of a special syndicate. To prevent open sale of these securities, the boss actually proposed to order a general strike on all the street railroads, damage the credit of the city, and thus capture the bonds at a low figure. Ruef was quite willing that thousands of workingmen should suffer and women and children go short of food that he and his crew might make some money. Did he not control the labor unions, and was San Francisco's government not a government by the labor unions? It is exactly this point to which we would call attention. Champions of labor unions have long proclaimed that if only the laboring men could run a city government, then there would be a paradise on earth. Well, they controlled San Francisco, elected one of their own as Mayor, and the city duly became a paradise—of thieves, of grafters, of the disorderly elements of every kind. The boss, who has hitherto been regarded as the product of corrupt corporations or rich and conscienceless business men, appeared here as the absolute creature of the labor men. We have frequently pointed the political moral of corporation greed and debauchery, but the record of the San Francisco labor-unions shows them to be quite as dangerous to the public interest and morals, when they obtain the upper hand. Government of a class, by a class, and for a class is here, as always, a denial of the basic principle of this republic.

The suit of Missouri against the Standard Oil Company has already brought out evidence extremely damaging to the managers of this Trust. At the hearing in this city last week, Attorney-General Hadley of Missouri extorted from the Standard Oil Company's own witnesses a confession that the company had been setting up dummy organizations which carried on a feigned competition. The marionettes were all operated by wires from the central office, No. 26 Broadway, New York. The legal significance of these facts is a matter for the courts. The moral significance is clear to any one who has the most rudimentary conception of ethical principles. No casuistry from clever lawyers, Baptist clergymen, or complaisant presidents of colleges can cloud the issue. The Standard Oil Company has been guilty of systematic and persistent dishonesty. No other explanation of these pretences at competition is possible. They were deliberately designed to deceive the public. Moreover, this elaborate structure of trickery could not have been erected and sustained without the knowledge and active interest of the principal officers of the Standard Oil.

"Once an Englishman, always an Englishman," was the British contention a century or so ago. Yet it is to the English law that the commission appointed by the State Department to investigate our naturalization laws points for a precedent, when it recommends that the expatriation of American citizens be assumed when they obtain naturalization in another country, when they engage in the service of another Power, or when they remain domiciled in a foreign country for five years without taking steps to maintain their American citizenship. The adoption of such a rule will at least insure that all the lightnings from Washington will not be let loose again at the behest of an "American citizen" whose real claims upon this country are about as strong as those of the Akhoond of Swat. In Turkey, especially, as the commission recalls, men with American naturalization papers but no real connection with America have been in the habit of demanding and receiving the protection of this Government in the past. This procedure is founded neither in equity nor common sense. The members of the commission, David J. Hill, James B. Scott, and Gaillard Hunt, were selected on account of their special acquaintance with the questions involved, and their conclusions should carry great weight with Congress.

In all the stories about the spiteful tongues and feminine intrigues which led to the recall of Ambassador Durand, it is pleasant to note that there is not the slightest reflection upon him. In capacity and dignity he has been unexceptionable. It was rumored that there was some dissatisfaction about his conduct of the fisheries negotiation; but the merest reference to the Blue Book would show that this business was transacted wholly in London. Sir Mortimer Durand has, for all that appears, discharged his public duties with adequate skill, while in private he has borne himself, under trying circumstances, like a gentleman. If it is true that court influence, set in motion by a *dux femina facti*, persuaded the Foreign Office to recall Ambassador Durand, it is no credit to the British Ministry, while an obvious wrong to a worthy public servant.

One of the first rulings of Secretary Straus confirms the right of a State to encourage immigration to this country in a manner forbidden to its citizens. South Carolina, through its Agricultural Commissioner, persuaded 475 aliens to migrate to this country, paid their passage aboard a vessel landing at Charleston, and on arrival distributed them to various points in the State where labor was needed. They were not contract laborers, and the Commissioner did not find them jobs, but they were told that employment was absolutely certain if they would settle in the South. "States and Territories," says Solicitor Earle in his opinion, "may offer inducements or make promises to foreign laborers by advertisements printed and published in foreign countries, and they are not forbidden to 'assist' in the migration of the foreign laborers to whom such offers are addressed." Since intelligent distribution of aliens offers a better solution of the immigration problem than restriction or exclusion, this decision has important bearings. The Western and Southern States which want more immigrants have seen year after year the new arrivals settle in the North and East, where there are already too many. Under the new ruling States in need of foreign labor will be able to help themselves.

A movement for restricting emigration is manifesting itself in those European countries which are generally regarded as sending the least desirable immigrants to the United States and South America. In southern Italy, it is reported, agriculture has suffered severely both from the depletion of farm laborers and the artificial values created by emigrants returning home with their fortunes made, and bent on establishing themselves as landed proprietors. In addition, the constant influx of money remittances from America has tended to discourage industry and given over whole villages to alcoholism. A similar state of affairs is said to exist in Galicia, where the cost of living has been greatly increased by repatriated emigrants accustomed to the higher standards of the New World. In Spain, public opinion is alarmed at the extensive development of emigration during the last few years, a movement which is regarded as all the more formidable, because it is carried on *en masse* and results in the depopulation of towns and districts. Entire villages with their municipal authorities at their head have left for South America. In the city of Bejar, whose population, according to the *Temps*, has been decreased from 20,000 to 9,500 through emigration, more than 700 families have been conducting negotiations with various South American Governments to secure the necessary means for the voyage out and the establishment of a new industrial centre. The Government of Paraguay offered to defray the cost of passage to Asunción, but the would-be emigrants have, according to Wednesday's dispatches, finally accepted offers from Uruguay and Nicaragua to supply ships and funds.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is an interesting form of auction.

Throughout its insistence upon amending the Education Bill, the House of Lords has taken the position that it is a conscientious "revising body." In that view, its duty is firmly to oppose, or radically to overhaul, any legislation sent to it by the House (except financial) which, in the judgment of the Lords, is improperly drawn and would be bad for the country. So much for the theory. Now for the practice—not in the case of the Education Bill, this time, but the Labor Disputes Bill. That measure is one to give trades unions special immunities under the law, such as exempting their funds from levy, etc. When it was sent to the Lords, the Conservative leader, Lord Lansdowne, spoke of it as "disgraceful," "tyrannical," and "replete with dangerous consequences." The former Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury, declared "on his conscience" that "if Parliament passes the bill, it will strike a serious blow against the spirit of freedom which has hitherto reigned throughout our laws." Yet after all these brave words, Lord Lansdowne advised the Tory peers not to reject the bill, and so provoke a conflict with the Commons on "ground that would be unfavorable" to the Lords. This is plainly a complete surrender of the claim that the Lords are a set of conscientious lawmakers, with revisory powers which they will not surrender, and reduces them to a mere register of the will of the Conservative party—and that purely on grounds of political strategy.

The ukase granting concessions to the Jews in Russia will probably be promulgated within a few days. While the exact tenor of the new regulations is unknown, the complete removal of Jewish disabilities is not to be looked for. At the same time, there will be a relaxation along the entire line of anti-Jewish legislation. Without abolishing the Pale, the bill, as discussed in the Council of Ministers, will grant to Jews the right to take up residence in rural districts of the designated provinces, as well as lighten the restrictions imposed on the classes at present privileged to reside without the Pale. The limited right to acquire land, and liberty to improve educational facilities, are among the other concessions expected. Not only has the Government declared its intention of leaving the ultimate disposal of the Jewish question to the Duma, but the interests of the Stolypin Ministry, whose sole object must remain the restoration and maintenance of internal peace, would preclude complete settlement of the Jewish question, followed, as it must be, by violent disapproval among an influential section of the population.

Archbishop Ireland's sermon of Sunday, dealing with the French religious controversy, is marked by a spirit of moderation and just confidence which no pronouncement from the side of the Church has as yet shown. Condemning the course of the French Government, as he was bound to do, he took care to point out that Catholics in France are by no means free from responsibility for the persecution that has come upon them:

> The clergy are much to blame. Admirable in teaching the catechism and in administering the sacraments, they have never learned the virtues of public life. French Catholics have been unfortunate in many of their leaders and spokesmen.

Undoubtedly, the Archbishop is right in saying that anti-clericals and infidels have made the preservation of the republic a popular battle-cry in order to get into power; but the fact that such an appeal is made with success would argue that the French electorate exercises, though wrongly perhaps, its political judgment in a way that contradicts the Archbishop's estimate of the attitude of the French people. "The masses," he asserts, "are not used in political life. It will require long years to decentralize power in France, to give citizens consciousness of personal independence, to obtain through universal suffrage a true expression of national will."

These are the days when the young aeronauts are seeing visions and the old aeronauts are dreaming dreams. "Human mastery over the air," said Capt. Ferber, the aerostatic expert of the French army, last week, "is virtually achieved. None of the startling achievements of the past, neither steam, electricity, nor the telephone, can compare with what the future now holds in store for us. Not only will the life of individuals be revolutionized, but governments will be compelled to devise, in almost every department, new methods to meet the changed conditions." Never was there an important invention in quite the same status as that of the potential airship. The problem which was originally believed to present the chief if not the sole difficulty—namely, making a machine that would lift itself—was solved long ago. Practically speaking, anybody with mechanical skill can parallel Sir Hiram Maxim's achievement of some ten years since, and construct an aeroplane which will rise from the ground if its balance is only secured. To-day the world is waiting to learn the art of balancing. It may come, as Capt. Ferber expects, by "a coördinating central mechanism which will permit the operator, with an instinctive touch of the helm, to right his machine when it dips to one side or the other, as the bicyclist to-day maintains his equilibrium by the instinctive inclination of his body." On the other hand, the mere human hand and eye may attain that quickness and dexterity which Lilienthal and Pilcher lost their lives trying to acquire, but which will make possible navigation through atmospheric currents and "blow holes" and whirlpools. Santos-Dumont predicts that airships—as distinguished from dirigible balloons—will be as common within a few years as automobiles are to-day. If the world were full of sailboats, rigged and keeled and cabined, but helpless on the water, because no such thing as a rudder had yet been invented, a similar situation would exist. No one could then be called visionary for saying, "If somebody will only invent some scheme for making these craft go where you want them, people will be sailing on every lake and river before long." It is somewhat the same with the aeroplane to-day.

It will be good news to mountain-climbers and aeronauts that a remedy has been discovered for "mountain sickness." In the *Revue Scientifique*, Professor Aggazzotti discusses the symptoms and causes of this malady, and gives some account of the way in which it can be prevented or cured. Mountain sickness is not to be confounded with fatigue, inflammation of the respiratory tract, irritation of the skin, or effects of strong light. Its sole cause is the rarefaction of the air at great heights. It affects those who make balloon ascensions, and it can be artificially produced at sea-level. The symptoms are fatigue, somnolence, aggravated nausea, dimness of sight, fainting, headache, and palpitation of the heart. The movements of those affected become uncertain and tremulous. The reason is that rarefaction of the air reduces the quantity of oxygen carried by the blood to the tissues. The results of these physiological conditions Professor Aggazzotti explains in detail. In order to counteract these ill effects Professor Aggazzotti administers a mixture of oxygen, 67 per cent.; carbonic gas, 13 per cent.; and azote, 20 per cent. He is able to push the rarefaction of the air as far as permitted by the powerful pumps in the Turin laboratory, without any unpleasant symptoms being noticeable. The importance of this discovery is evident. Mounting to great heights is no longer a mere adventure or amusement. Railways are being carried to the summits of lofty mountains, and a day will come when rails will be laid over the Himalayas and Andes. Professor Aggazzotti's mixture can then be on tap, to give comfort to the traveller. And as progress is made in aerial navigation, with such a remedy at hand, one can rise to far greater altitudes without discomfort or danger.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IRREGULAR DIPLOMACY.

Canadian sentiment is reported to be adverse to the appointment of James Bryce as Ambassador to the United States. The Canadians say that this will put discredit upon diplomacy as a regular career. How can you ask ambitious men to begin with Montevideo, and gradually work their way up through Teheran, Madrid, and Vienna, if at last, just as one of the great diplomatic prizes is within their reach, you go outside and jump over their heads a man without any diplomatic experience whatever? This Canadian argument is, plainly, one for seniority—the argument, as Lord Rosebery says, which Englishmen too often make even when seniority spells senility.

Behind this Canadian insistence upon the technicalities of the *métier*, there doubtless lies an unexpressed feeling. Canada's policy just now is not to make too ostentatiously friendly advances to the United States, and hence she does not like to see England doing it. There are outstanding questions, tariff and other, between this country and Canada, in which Our Lady of Snows would prefer to be stiffly backed up by the British Ambassador at Washington. She has just seen the great anxiety of the London Foreign Office to come to a good understanding with the United States in the fisheries dispute, even going to the point, in arranging the *modus vivendi*, of enraging the Newfoundlanders, and she does not want in her own case any such straining of colonial loyalty in order to retain American friendship. Indeed, it is easy to understand the distastefulness, not alone in Canada, of the plan of treating the United States as a spoiled child among the nations, whom all the others must take particular pains to conciliate. This seems now the general policy among foreign chancelleries. They feel that they must vie with each other in sending rough-riding and tennis-playing diplomats to Washington, lest they fall out of the category of most-favored nation.

There is, of course, nothing of this idea of a chummy athlete-diplomat in the naming of Mr. Bryce. His coming will, no doubt, be a special compliment to this country, but an intellectual compliment. It implies that the English Government perceives that the American people will feel pleased and honored at having sent to them a publicist of rare ability. They have already sat at Mr. Bryce's feet for instruction in the history and working of their own institutions, about which not one American in 10,000 knows as much as he; and they will not care greatly whether his appointment be "irregular" or not, if only they may welcome in high official position the writer whom they have known as a most friendly while penetrating critic, and discriminating admirer.

Nor can there be any question that Mr. Bryce's peculiar knowledge of this country, and his wide acquaintance here, will be of great advantage to him, both personally and officially. England has no man whom she could send better fitted for that ambassadorship of people to people which counts so much in these days; and also as delegate from his Government to ours, Mr. Bryce will be well equipped. Better than long training in that "art diplomatic" which Coleridge called "stuff," is the intimate understanding of our government, and our popular temper, which he will bring in his equipment. He knows the paper theory, and he also knows the actual practice. Turn, for example, to his pages on the control of our foreign relations—a subject which will instantly become living to him, once in Washington—and his perfect grasp, both of the theoretical and the practical, is immediately perceived. The interplay of President and Senate, in the matter both of treaties and diplomatic appointments, Mr. Bryce accurately explains; and when Europeans ask him how, under such a system, there can be "the boldness and promptitude so often needed to effect a successful *coup* in foreign policy," his sufficient answer is, "America is not Europe." Indeed, he thinks that Europe might well learn something from America in the matter of putting a Parliamentary check upon "the wide discretion of the executive in foreign affairs." This should make Mr. Bryce *persona grata* with the Senate! And his tribute to the power of public opinion with us in restraining a headlong President, bent upon foreign complications, shows the sureness of his touch:

> They watch keenly the language held and the acts done by the State Department, and, while determined to support the President in vindicating the rights of American citizens, would be found ready to check any demand or act, going beyond their legal rights, which could tend to embroil them with a foreign Power. There is still a touch of spread-eagleism and an occasional want of courtesy and haste among public speakers and journalists when they refer to other countries . . . . but among the ordinary citizens one finds less obtrusive selfishness, less Chauvinism, less cynicism in declaring one's own national interests to be paramount to those of other states, than in any of the great states of Europe.

If it is not "regular" to go outside the diplomatic service to send us such a man as Ambassador, so much the worse for regularity. Mr. Bryce will come to us feeling as strongly as Cowper did that England and America are really "one country"—one "in respect of interest, intercourse, and affinity." Anglo-American diplomacy has no higher function than to exemplify and enforce that truth; and no Englishman is better equipped to coöperate with Americans in doing it than James Bryce.

THE UNRECOGNIZED REFERENDUM

The British Premier announced last Thursday, in the House of Commons, the Government's decision to withdraw the Education Bill because of the refusal of the Peers to accept the concessions proffered by the Liberals. "Neither the resources of the Constitution nor of the House of Commons," he said, "are yet wholly exhausted, and a way must and will be found whereby the will of the people will be made to prevail." On the same day the French Chamber of Deputies decided to proceed with the discussion of the new religious law, at the urgent demand of Premier Clemenceau. "The Premier insisted upon a rapid solution of the entire question, as the Government was facing a difficult situation in an ineffectual manner, owing to the insufficiency of the present law." The same day thus witnessed the acknowledged break-down of the two most elaborate pieces of legislation of recent years in Great Britain and France.

Yet it would be wrong to declare either the Education Bill or the Separation Law of 1905 a failure in any but a formal sense. As the basis for compromise and amendment, both bills have served the purpose which the more far-sighted among their promoters probably had in mind. The two measures were comprehensive, but provisional. And it is in connection with this method of tentative legislation that we see at work a force which we have called the "unrecognized referendum"—the principle, that is, of ultimate appeal to the democracy, whether in the set form of a parliamentary dissolution and election or the more irregular method of stirring up popular opinion in favor of a defeated cause. The referendum is generally regarded as an academic kind of political game, practicable perhaps in little Arcadian Switzerland or Norway, but quite unfitted to the needs and circumstances of a mighty Power. This is measurably true; but it is obvious also that everywhere great legislative measures are enacted nowadays with a view to ascertaining the state of the public pulse with a certainty which mere preliminary discussion can never supply.

Undeniably, this is an expensive way of making laws. Really, the history of the English Education Bill begins with the Act of 1902, which was so bitterly opposed by the Nonconformists. No one doubted that one of the first acts of a Liberal Government would be to wipe the obnoxious act from the statute books, and the Unionist leaders probably felt that the Education Act would be instrumental in bringing the Liberals into power, as in fact it did. But in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politics it is recognized tactics to seize all you can while you have the power, with the object of keeping as much as you can when you have lost power.

In the same way the Liberal Government introduced Mr. Birrell's bill, well knowing that it would be mutilated by the Lords; and the Lords proceeded to cut it to pieces in full expectation of such cries of execration as have come from the Commons. Was it all comedy on the part of both houses? Not comedy, perhaps; but in the background of the statesman's mind there must have been present the consciousness of an impending struggle that would clear the way for final legislation.

The situation is not far different in France. A Separation bill was introduced into the Chamber in December, 1904, by Premier Combes. It was abandoned in committee for a substitute measure, which in turn was abandoned when the Combes Ministry fell in January, 1905. Then came the bill fathered by M. Briand; the protracted discussions in the Chamber, which finally took action on July 3, 1905; and the further discussions in the Senate, which passed the bill on December 6. All along it was evident that the Vatican would not accept defeat without a struggle. But how could the Government tell *what* the Vatican would do, except by delivering its attack? So a Separation law had to be passed and promulgated, and inventories had to be taken, in order that the very situation of to-day might be brought about. And now the Government stands prepared practically to throw over the most important provisions of the Separation Law in arriving at a *modus vivendi*.

An analogy to this principle of costly but tentative law-making may be observed in much of the present-day tariff legislation. Germany's latest tariff law, a wonderfully comprehensive yet minute group of schedules based on years of preliminary investigation, is intended never to come into force except as a punitive measure directed against such nations as refuse to enter into special treaties of commerce. Such treaties of commerce are in turn based on the provisions of the tariff law, and have been negotiated with the principal Powers participating in German commerce. According to Senator Dolliver, who was on the Ways and Means Committee that framed the Dingley tariff, some of the schedules in that measure were made purposely high as a possible basis for the negotiation of favorable reciprocity treaties.

Closely connected with the idea that legislation is neither ultimate nor perfectly sincere, is the tendency of opponents of a law to resort to "passive resistance." This is not a happy phrase, since it does not mean resistance, so much as courting the pains of the law in a spirit of martyrdom, and with the object of obtaining resubmission of that measure to the people. There is always a minority, and republican institutions have taken for granted that it must submit to the majority. But passive resistance tends to shake one's confidence in the abstract right of the majority, and would substitute for the present rule—the majority to have everything and the minority nothing—a more equable rule, embodying possibly the privilege of proportional right; so many concessions, say, to the minority for every million voters it can show.

GOOD HATERS IN POLITICS.

A new reminiscence of Bismarck has been published in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, in the shape of an extract from forthcoming memoirs written by Ludwig Doczy. He was long an intimate of Andrassy, who was Foreign Minister when Bismarck came to Vienna in 1873, during the German struggle with the Vatican. Andrassy gave to Doczy his impressions of the Chancellor, gained from several long conversations. Andrassy was loud in praise of the German visitor. He had met many clear-sighted public men, but none who seemed to view the world through such achromatic glasses (*farblose Brille*) as Bismarck. Then he proceeded to compare the German with the great Hungarian statesman, Franz Deak.

One thing, he said, Deak never had which seems to inhere in Bismarck's nature. Bismarck hates what gets in his way, and his hatred sometimes leads him into blind rage. He gave me to-day a proof of this which left me astounded. He was speaking of the *Kulturkampf*, and when he came to touch upon the Pope, the blood flew to his face, his words, which he at other times seemed to choose carefully, came from him in a rush, and sounded like curses. He called the Holy Father a peril to every country and every throne, a revolutionary and anarchist, whom all Europe must withstand if a single prince was to remain safe upon his throne. I could not forbear seeming surprised at his language, but that only drove him on to harsher words.

It is plain that Andrassy regarded this susceptibility to anger and hate as a serious defect in Bismarck's equipment as a statesman. Nor could one, surveying the great Chancellor's career as a whole, well deny it. Too often he assumed a vengeful attitude towards men who differed with him, or whom he disliked personally. The names of Count von Arnim, Geffcken, and Gontaut de Biron suggest the lengths to which his violent temper frequently hurried him. And it prepared many a humiliation for him. After all his fierce denunciations of the Pope, he had finally to go to Canossa; and for years he had to govern by aid of the Clerical party which he abhorred. Hatreds like Bismarck's come home to roost.

His indulgence of that passion was principally after he had risen to power. As an obstacle to rising to power, hate has a recognized place. It is illustrated in an anecdote of Joseph Chamberlain, given in the "Letters of George Birkbeck Hill." Chamberlain was President of the Board of Trade, and a shipping bill was shown to him late in the session of Parliament. The man who brought it to him said: "If you will bring in the bill without replying to the brutal attacks made on you by the bad shipowners, and will not make a stir, the bill can be got through; if you make a big speech, it will be lost." Chamberlain replied, "I am not like you, who can turn the other cheek when smitten on one. I shall attack those who have attacked me." He made a brilliant speech, and the bill was never carried. X—— said to himself, "That man will never be Prime Minister. He hates too well."

It may, of course, be said that a capacity for cordial hate necessarily goes with the great driving qualities which give men like Bismarck and Chamberlain their power. And few will deny that, compared with the politician who swallows all rebuffs, and cherishes no resentment, in order that he may get or keep office, the good hater in politics is a respectable figure. When Dr. Johnson said that he liked a good hater, he probably meant a man who used discrimination in the objects of his hatred. A too universal distributer of vitriol can be admired by none.

A good deal of fun has been poked at the theological distinction between hating the sin and loving the sinner. Something of the sort, however, is a sound rule in politics. It is of the highest importance to the Government of France, just now, for example, that nothing like personal animosity should appear in its dealings with the Pope in regard to the status of Church property in France. Any such violent language as Bismarck fell into would defeat its own end. Fortunately, M. Briand, the Minister directly in charge of the matter, is a man whose great ability goes with good manners. The absence of all heat in his public utterances on the Church question, is, in such a crisis, the sure mark of a statesman.

READING FOR CHILDREN.

We have just been reviewing the annual output of books for children. Of the hundreds of volumes that were sent us, the overwhelming majority were obviously rubbish; and of the comparatively few culled out for notice, not one provoked the reviewer to enthusiasm. At best, the books were scarcely more than innocuous and tolerable. This fact is disquieting to thoughtful parents, who find that each year the problem of providing children with suitable reading becomes more difficult. You may take high ground and refuse to buy the cheap

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and trivial, but nevertheless your boys and girls will see it at the houses of neighbors—will see and probably borrow. In such cases, absolutely prohibition, unless the book be clearly demoralizing, is unwise. An *index expurgatorius*, for children as for adults, does little more than provoke curiosity and stimulate interest.

The change which a century has wrought in books for children is forcibly shown in Henry Frowde's reissue of Mary Wollstonecraft's "Original Stories from Real Life: with Conversations Calculated to Regulate the Affections and Form the Mind to Truth and Goodness." The volume, first published in 1791, is characteristic of the author of "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman," and characteristic also of the age. That was the period when Day's "Sandford and Merton," Mrs. Trimmer's "History of the Robins," Holcroft's translation of Madame de Genlis's "Tales of the Castle," and Maria Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant"—when this solid mass of didacticism was regarded as the very thing to cultivate in young people a taste for literature. These stories contain relatively little incident, and that warranted to soothe the mind rather than excite it. There are long pages of discourse, dull, edifying, not to say priggish. In Mary Wollstonecraft's "Original Stories" a Mrs. Mason is always preaching to her young charges. When a storm is impending she assures the children:

> No, certainly, I am not afraid. I walk with the same security as when the sun enlivened the prospect—God is still present and we are safe. Should the flash that passes by us strike me dead, it cannot hurt me, I fear not death! I only fear that Being who can render death terrible, on whose providence I calmly rest; and my confidence earthly sorrows cannot destroy. A mind is never truly great till the love of virtue overcomes the fear of death.

Such a passage as this in "Original Stories," or any of these highly recommended books, is a complete commentary on some often quoted sentences from Hazlitt's essay, "On Reading Old Books." He is speaking of the time when he was "a little, thoughtless child":

> "Tom Jones," I remember, was the first work that broke the spell. It came down in numbers once a fortnight, in Cooke's pocket-edition, embellished with cuts. . . . With what eagerness I used to look forward to the next number and open the prints! Ah! never again shall I feel the enthusiastic delight with which I gazed at the figures, and anticipated the story and adventures of Major Bath and Commodore Trunnion, of Trim and my Uncle Toby, of Don Quixote and Sancho and Dapple, of Gil Blas and Dame Lorenzo Sephora, whose lips open and shut like buds of roses.

We must not be understood as urging upon children such books as "Tom Jones," "Peregrine Pickle," "Tristram Shandy," and "Gil Blas." They are not milk for babes. But we have not the slightest fear that our heirs of all the ages will turn to Fielding, Smollett, or Sterne while they have Henty and his fellow-craftsmen, large and small. Boys who vote Scott and Cooper stupid and long-winded, boys who are used to such highly spiced food that they find Dickens flat and insipid, will never be tempted by any of the eighteenth-century novelists—barring Defoe. Some English journalists, apparently unaware of developments in juvenile literature since 1860, have been gravely discussing the question whether children should be allowed to read Shakspere. *Allowed* to read Shakspere? How can we possibly persuade them to read Shakspere? It is all very well to assure us that the guileless mind of the child can receive no contamination from the grossest scenes in Elizabethan drama, that "innocence has a panoply of its own"; more impenetrable than the panoply of innocence is that of indifference. The child who classes "The Merchant of Venice" with Blair's sermon "On the Duties and Consolations of the Aged" will assuredly gain neither benefit nor harm from either work.

Yet time was when even children thought Shakspere entertaining. A glimpse of that irrevocable golden age is given us in one of Eugene Wood's delightful sketches, "The Drama in Our Town," in *McClure's* for January. In Our Town it was bad enough to read that book whose title bore those "black and shameless words, 'Adam Bede, a *Novel*.'" There was, however, a lower depth of depravity. "You had borrowed from a neighbor Shakspere's Plays. You heard what Brother Longenecker said about that only last Sunday. He said 'Shakspere is the Devil's Bible!' And you had borrowed that book, *borrowed* it, when you had Butler's 'Analogy of Revealed Religion,' Nelson's 'Cause and Cure of Infidelity,' 'The Autobiography of Hester Ann Rogers,' and other good books about the house, scarcely opened." This is an echo from an antediluvian world—the world as it was before the flood of books for children overwhelmed it. Few children of to-day would dream of borrowing George Eliot or Shakspere for the mere pleasure of reading. George Eliot and Shakspere are part of our school courses in literature and as such are manifestly beyond the pale of human interest.

And what is the remedy for this evil? We do not, we confess, know exactly what to do for our own children. Librarians, a multiplying and a zealous race, proceed on the theory that the thing to do is to cultivate in the young a taste for reading and trust to time and growth to improve that taste. What with children's rooms and story hours, the librarians are making a high bid for the attention of our youth. Indeed, schoolmasters are beginning to complain of the superior attractions of the library. When the very latest thing in adventure and fiction invites, arithmetic and grammar may seem almost as tiresome as George Eliot and Shakspere; and the opening of a new public library may result in lower marks in the prescribed studies. But we cannot wholly sympathize with those fathers who lament because the new librarians are making boys too fond of books. In this matter we must trust to the uncovenanted mercies of that providence which watches over every rising generation. A lad who reads widely and omnivorously is likely, sooner or later, to discover his way to the best; and even if he never rises above second-rate books, he may at least be saved from recreations that are vulgar and debasing.

AN AUSTRALIAN ANTHOLOGY.*

SYDNEY, December 2.

"How are your poets?" asked a consul-general for the United States, when he first set foot in Sydney. "They are dead, I thank you," was the reply. It was almost literally true. Australia is a stony-hearted stepmother, who slays the sons of Apollo, and only one of the more eminent of her poets was then alive, although most of them, had fortune dealt more kindly by them, might be living at this hour. The history of Australian poetry, brief as it is, affords a lamentable retrospect. Three of our best writers—including the greatest of all—died by their own hands. Others, including one only less great, sank untimely into their graves, after checkered lives that recall the early Elizabethan dramatists. Only a few months ago the last of that school was appropriately laid to rest, where the Pacific breaks at his feet. The new generation has been washed, combed, dressed, and made presentable, and it has ceased to cultivate poetry, as the first Edinburgh reviewers cultivated literature, "on a little oatmeal." The new Australian poet is the editor of influential journals, stands high in the teaching or other professions, or has been provided with a comfortable post in the civil service or the libraries. Poetry has not always gained by the change. It was simple and sincere, powerful and passionate, faithfully reflecting the melancholy moods of its composers, and the agitated circumstances of their ill-starred existences; it is now elegant, ambitious, affecting high themes, but destitute of the power to stir or move.

By common consent, the strongest of Australian poets was Adam Lindsey Gordon, whose name the editor of the new anthology misspells, Lindsay, although the true orthography was definitely ascertained by Douglas Sladen, the editor of an anthology published ten or twelve years ago. Like many of his elder poetic brethren, Gordon was an immigrant. Born at the Azores, but reared in England, he came out to Australia in his hot youth, and his "Exile's Farewell," if it does not rank with Byron's or Hugo's parallel

*"An Anthology of Australian Verse." Edited by Bertram Stevens. Sydney: Angus & Robertson. 1906.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poems, may pair off with Edward Bliss Emerson's "Last Farewell." The emigrant's wrench from home—so little lacerating in these days of easy intercommunication—in the old days was terrific, and has inspired many a poem. Gordon's powers came to maturity when he settled down as a sheep-farmer on the heights between Victoria and South Australia. He found a still more fitting environment when he deserted this ideal—but in his hands unprofitable—pursuit, and took to horse-breaking. Then he won a cheap fame as a steeplechase rider in the country of horse-racing par excellence. A wild life he led. He did not drop his acquirements, and he translated from Greek and Latin, German and Spanish; but it was in phonographing the experiences of the English gentleman sunk to the level of a station hand that his genius won its triumphs. "The Sick Stockrider" (reprinted in the volume under review) is perhaps the solitary Australian poem that has a chance of immortality. The stockman has come to the end of his tether, and recalls, as his comrade lifts him down from the saddle, the ineffable joys of past days:

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stockwhips and a fiery run of hoofs;
Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard!

A rebel to the last, as Gordon was, he feels no remorse:

This I know—
I should live the same life over, if I had to live again;
And the chances are I go where most men go.

Gordon's masters were Shelley, Browning, and above all Swinburne, whose unmistakable accents he borrows to describe his adopted country in the "Dedication" to another sportsman—the author of "Holmby House." Seventeen years ago, in the *New Review*, the master entered into rivalry with his disciple. "The Swimmer's Dream" shows Swinburne at his best and his worst. Not even Tennyson's "horns of elfland" wakes such echoes as those unapproachable lines; but the volume of meaning in them is inappreciable. Twenty years earlier Gordon had dreamed the same dream in "The Swimmer" (unfortunately, not included in the present selection), but while the slender-bodied English poet, with the fair face, the shrill voice, and the eloquent tongue that enchanted the listener, seems to melt passively into the waves, the shaggy-breasted Australian athlete, with bass pipe and the thews and sinews of a man, contends with them and wins a victory over them.

With Gordon's tragic death by a gunshot wound on the scrub near Melbourne, at the death-age of genius—thirty-seven—Henry Kendall passed into the first place as an Australian singer. He was of mingled English and Irish origin, and thus "the German paste in his composition" was kneaded with Celtic fire. He is another son of Swinburne, who acknowledged the beauty of his verses with his ungrudging and unfailing recognition of the merits of his brother poets. Kendall was well aware of the derivative character of much of his inspiration, and he admitted that there were

Some notes that unto other lyres belong,
Stray echoes from the elder sons of song.

But if he borrowed the lilt of the English masters, he adapted it to a new environment. None has more felicitously rendered the magic tones and wonderful effects of the Australian atmosphere, which inspires its lovers to use swelling epithets. The keyword of Australian prelates and statesmen is "magnificent," and the keyword of its poets is "splendid." The gloomier aspects of nature, with such a sun to light them up, they hardly know. Kendall's life was one of the saddest in the annals of poetry, but his lyrics are bright and fairylike, and his rare blank verse is nobly ethical. Like Tasso, Nat Lee, William Collins, and many another of his race, he made the acquaintance of the madhouse, and though Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, always generous to struggling men of letters, honorably came to the rescue with a Government appointment, the broken-hearted bard "fretted himself to death." "His wound was deep; he fain would sleep."

A successful poet, who was at the same time conspicuously prosperous in public life, is a jewel in the beadroll of misfortune. Alfred Domett will live as the original of Browning's "Waring" in a poem where the modern Shakspere took some liberties with his model. Waring really left for New Zealand, but not surreptitiously, as hinted, and Browning, who long corresponded regularly with his distant friend, well knew where the new avatar of Vishnu had been revealed. Domett became colonial secretary of his province, and after representative institutions had been granted to the young colony, he rose to be its Premier. In the Premier's office (so one of his successors informed your correspondent), or, more fittingly, at Sir George Grey's romantic island-home at Kawau (as Grey asserts), was composed the only considerable poem yet produced at the Antipodes. The publication of "Ranolf and Amohia" in London, when Domett came back from thirty years' exile in the South Seas "with this to show for it," aroused general curiosity. What new message had the seer from the cannibal islands brought, what new truths had he to communicate as the fruits of his long residence in alien scenes? Tennyson was cordially appreciative: the poem revealed "intellectual subtlety, great powers of delineating delicious scenery, and imaginative fire." Domett's old and unchanged friend, Browning, was enthusiastically eulogistic: he ranked it under nothing "for subtle, yet clear writing about subjects of all others the most urgent for expression, and the least easy in treatment." It is a long philosophico-descriptive poem of 14,000 lines, where the unique scenery of the wonderful Hot Lakes district of New Zealand was perpetuated only a few years before its most striking features were obliterated by a volcanic eruption. The poem no less glorifies the dying Maori race, caught just at the moment when its nobler attributes were at the point of vanishing, by linking the fortunes of the hero (Ranolf) with a romantic Maori maid (Amohia). Two brief excerpts from it are given in the present selection. Should not the editor have included the stirring elegy on Capt. Cook, which might well be (if, indeed, it has not already been) incised on the monument to the old navigator in St. Paul's Cathedral, London?

Domett was connected with Browning by still other poetical ties. He was the "Alfred, dear friend" of "The Guardian Angel." He was the "friend, over the sea" of "Time's Revenges" who had championed the drama, "Pippa Passes." And when he returned to England Browning was among the first to welcome him. Longfellow reprinted his "Christmas Hymn" in 1845, and thirty years later he wrote to the author: "I have lost none of my old admiration for it." American periodicals reprinted it year by year; and over 1,300 American artists competed for a prize of $3,000 offered by Harper & Brothers for the best illustrations of the poem.

Add to these the late Charles Harpur, preëminently the poet of the bush, who alone has finely rendered its atmosphere of "weird melancholy"; and also the late James Brunton Stephens, author of "Convict Once," whom the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth dubbed "the poet laureate of Australia," and we have all the *dii majores* of Australian song. They are as giants among the pygmies of the present generation, and yet much of the verse produced in recent years is both strong and of high quality. Judged by the circulation of their works, the two leading versifiers are Henry Lawson, author of "While the Billy Boils," and A. B. Patterson, "the Man from Snowy River." Their vigorous stanzas are redolent of the drover's track and the swagman's wanderings. Lawson, the son of a Norwegian, is really Larsen by name, and his racy verses show how completely he has assimilated bush life. His is not the only example of the æsthetic advantage of a foreign strain. Johannes Karl Andersen, of Danish origin, furnishes a New Zealand parallel to H. H. Boyesen, and in his polished lines we detect the same blended note of culture and—what shall we call it?—Scandinavianism so audible in the Norsk American. Very radical Australianization is no less observable in the poetesses. Miss Werner was for the time and Miss Castilla is for always a thorough Australian; and Ethel Turner, though of English birth, has made herself the unsurpassed poet and novelist of "the little Australian." A child-poem of hers, happily given by Mr. Stevens—"A Trembling Star"—is (in Carlylean phrase) "written as in starfire and immortal tears," withal so perfect in form and compact in structure that not a line of it can be detached from its context. But the Australian and New Zealand women (numbering between a fourth and a fifth of the total poets of the new anthology) come honorably out of the contest with their brothers for Parnassian bays, as they do for academic laurels. Miss Jessie Mackay's lofty threnody, through which the bagpipes scream, is instinct with the grief of a whole people for the Highland shepherd who inaugurated the nationalization of the land in New Zealand. Broken with heroic toil and, alas! bitter strife, the tribune crept from his home to the wayside railway

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

station, where the Prince of Wales arrested his progress through these colonies to bestow on the dying man the *accolade* of knighthood. It had been nobly earned.

He found her a land of many domains,
Maiden forest and fallow plains—
He left her a land of many homes,
The pearl of the world where the sea wind roams.

J. C.

Correspondence.

THE EXAMPLE OF BRUNETIÈRE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Brunetière stood for two ideals: One in politics, namely, that, in order to get out of the confused state of affairs which has prevailed in France for many years, and in order to restore lasting peace and stability, an authority was necessary above the people; and for this authority he looked towards Rome.

The other in literature, namely, that the really great literature in France, the one most in accordance with the glorious traditions of the country, was the classical literature of the seventeenth century. Its ideal was high, its philosophy was wise, its style was great. As other influences prevailed—be it England in the eighteenth century, or Germany at the beginning, Scandinavia in the middle, cosmopolitanism at the end of the nineteenth century—France was no longer keeping its rank as the nation representative of original, strong, and refined civilization. France was no longer France.

Brunetière wrote not a line without fighting directly or indirectly for his convictions. Read his famous article on "Classicism and Romanticism," or read his "Discours de Combat," or read even his papers on the proposed spelling reform in France: you will find always the same man fighting for the same ideals.

His philosophy may have been all wrong. I think it was. But he had a philosophy; and this has come to be a rare thing in our days, even in the class of scholars who ought to keep more intimately in touch with the world at large, *i. e.*, in literary men. Beside Brunetière, can you name a literary critic of some fame who has any philosophy of his own, or who is not, indeed, proud of having none? They say it is not "scientific" to have one. This word has become ridiculous, so much has it been misused. To fall on one's knees before a scrap of paper containing an unpublished line of some obscure poet; to speak of the "sacrosanctity" of the commas of the world geniuses; to bless an editor who gives us the chance to enjoy to-day even the "misprints" of an original edition of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; or, again, to pile up documents in order to ascertain whether Lamartine had kissed Elvire, whether certain scenes of D'Annunzio were plagiarisms or reminiscences—this is what we call science.

Brunetière owned the very rare gift called in his own language *le sens de la perspective*; he scorned this sort of research, and he has often expressed very boldly his opinions in such matters. Did he not, in the last article that came from his pen (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, November 1, 1906) use the word *fatras* with reference to some volumes of the Société des Anciens Textes, a collection generally regarded as a triumph of modern scholarship and editorship?

Even if we reject his political and literary theories, in one thing Brunetière will remain an example to us all: he would always know which problem was of vital interest and importance, and he laid stress on that. We sometimes complain that our contemporaries do not pay attention to our efforts and our work. Is it surprising that they should turn their backs on those who so often are mere hairsplitters? No, it is legitimate. As long as we make it a point to bury ourselves in our own specialties, like a rat in his cheese, how can we expect the world to be benefited by us? How can we expect the world to pay any attention to us, if we do not pay any attention to the world? Brunetière understood it, and he adopted another method: he stepped to the front; he had something to say, and he spoke. His fellow-critics often tried to ridicule him, but his fellow-men respected him for it, and he became a real power among his contemporaries.

The Kingdom of Heaven belongs to those who take it by violence!

Albert Schinz.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., December 19.

THE FOUNDATION OF SCHOLARSHIP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In this week's "Notes" you discuss Miss Crouse's "Algiers," showing wherein it falls short of the "Alhambra" and "Hyperion." Among other things, you say, most truly, "That preliminary labor and carefully veiled scholarship which bottom the work of even the lightest of the great descriptive travellers do not show here," *i. e.*, in "Algiers." Yet, may I grumble? While "Hyperion" was in your mind, why not have quoted the youthful romancer's own words, in the beautiful "Miserere" chapter?

And, to cheer thy solitary labor, remember that the secret studies of an author are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of Oblivion. They are out of sight; but without them no superstructure can stand secure.

Words as wise as noble. We need them more than ever in these get-there-quick days.

J. M. Hart.

Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., December 22.

Notes.

Juvenal now takes his place in the Temple Greek and Latin Classics issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The translation, printed, as in all the series, on alternate pages with the text, is the vigorous work of William Gifford, Murray's right-hand man in the days of the old *Quarterly*. The text is expurgated by the omission of long passages, which seems to us needless and impertinent. Parts of the sixth satire, especially, cannot be reproduced literally in English, but the Latin here might be given alone or with an ordo. The classical languages are not likely to be read for illicit purposes in these days.

Several of the studies in Hilaire Belloc's "Hills and the Sea" (Scribners) were first published in the English dailies, and very much out of place they seemed, in the silly season, in the columns of the *Morning Post*. They are far more effective taken together, and the mood in which to enjoy them is easily summoned now that one is undistracted by the brisker style of the journalism that was their setting. Mr. Belloc is one of those who feel the keenest sense of life when they linger in remote bypaths, eat coarse food, and are, like Antaeus, in close and reassuring contact with earth and the unchanging ways of sailors and hill men. Permanence, whether it show itself in an oaken roof in a Sussex stable, or the habits of the dwellers in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, is Mr. Belloc's fetish. He need not, however, go very far afield to satisfy his craving for "places that preserve their historic continuity, and satisfy the memories in one's blood." He writes of the town of Lynn on the east coast of England, Lynn with its memories of the Baltic and the Lowlands, in much the same mood of dreamy ecstasy as inspired him at Arles. At Arles, indeed, he has been forestalled by Vernon Lee and Arthur Symons, and many a tourist who has enjoyed there "full communion with antiquity." The desolate fens of East Anglia are described in more than one of these sketches. In "A Family of the Fens" Mr. Belloc tells the strange tale of the draining of the fens by the Russell family in the seventeenth century. All the adventurers who tried that Herculean task were ruined, except the Earls of Bedford. In "The Guns" and "The First Day's March," vivid descriptions of Mr. Belloc's experiences as a French conscript, serving in the artillery, he writes with spirit of human intercourse and action, an effective contrast with the majority of the essays, which are records of solitary sails and rides and walks.

No. 4, vol. xiv., New Series, of the Proceedings of the Modern Language Association of America, covering the twenty-third meeting, held last December at Haverford College and the University of Wisconsin, is just issued. Among the most interesting papers are those by Walter Morris Hart, on "Professor Child and the Ballad," and William Guild Howard, on Goethe's Essay on Laocoön. Professor Hart was stirred to his writing by Professor Gummere's declaration that a collection of Child's critical remarks on the ballad would be valuable in studying the popular ballad as a distinct literary type, and he has undertaken to show the general drift of Child's sentiments, grouping them according to authorship and transmission, subject-matter, technique, a comparison of the "Ballads" of 1857-59 and "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads" of 1882-98, and general comments upon specific ballads. The celebration this year of the 400th anniversary of the finding of the marble group of Laocoön and his sons in Rome probably suggested the paper on Goethe's "Über Laokoon." Examining Goethe's temperament and preparation for the study of the antique, and constantly comparing him with Lessing, Dr. Howard concludes that no man knew better than Goethe the insufficiency of naturalistic methods in the fine arts. He valued the Laocoön because, in his opinion, it was not merely true to nature, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the presuppositions of his admiration have become, in a large measure at least, the criteria of our judgment.

In the eighth volume of A. H. Smyth's "Writings of Benjamin Franklin" (Macmillan) is given the correspondence for three years, 1780-1782. Franklin is shown at his best. Though suffering bodily, his mind is alert and his patience almost without limit. His masters, Congress, had impressed upon him an unreasonable amount of labor, and a particularly exasperating combination of diplomatic, financial, and commercial details that often threatened him with serious trouble and bankruptcy. The captains of the Continental vessels abused him, their agents (and sometimes themselves) were dishonest, and their jealousies were brought to him for recognition. His colleagues on the Peace Commission did not show discretion in their dealings with the French Court, and their debts came to Franklin for payment. In all these difficulties the old man (he was now seventy-five) proved his abilities and surmounted the obstacles strewn in his path. His letters to Congress and to Vergennes are masterpieces of simple directness, wise in warning and in gratitude, and awakening a confidence in him on both sides of the water which few men, if any, have since enjoyed under more favorable conditions. The volume contains little outside of his correspondence. The dialogue with the gout, the supplement to the Boston *Chronicle*, the hints to emigrants to America, and an apologue sum up those features, pointing to a decreased activity. But the journal of the peace negotiation and his letters prove that there is no decay of mind. The editing is exact and the text is clearly an improvement on previous editions, though the novelties are few in number.

When the "Arabian Nights" reached the standard haven of "Bohn's Libraries" it was only fitting that it should be in the form of Lane's translation. Whatever exception may be taken to the style and method of that rendering—and both can as easily be defended as attacked—there does not exist in any European language a publishable version which can compete with it. Mr. Payne's might, if it could be put into household form; but from such a modification honorable adherence to a promise given to his original subscribers has restrained him. The present edition of Lane has been recast by Professor Lane-Poole, and it is to be completed in four volumes, three of which have now appeared. The text is given entire and untouched, save for some reform of the spelling of the proper names, but the commentary has been almost entirely cut away. A few absolutely essential notes come at the foot of the pages, and at the end of each volume are three or four pages of critical notes for the student of the Arabic original. This abbreviation is supposed to be in the interests of popularity, but those who grew up with Lane's notes and gradually soaked themselves through these in the ideas and life of the Muslim East will view the loss with something like consternation. The same holds of the Harvey illustrations—here also vanished. With all their *gaucherie* and even inaccuracy, they had become as integral a part of the work as the text. In their stead comes a picture of Lane himself, in Oriental dress, from a drawing made in 1838. This is most striking. Lane's type of face must have been a passport in itself to Muslim society. As is known, one of his Cairene friends could never be persuaded that he did not belong to a prominent Meccan family. "Aladdin" and "Ali Baba" are to be added to the last volume, with an index and glossary and a review of the history and sources of the "Nights." Than Professor Lane-Poole no one is better fitted to write such an account; may he take the space to do it thoroughly and completely.

Henry Holt & Co. publish a new edition of Goethe's "Iphigenie auf Tauris," by Prof. Max Winkler of the University of Michigan. Besides a carefully tested text, embodying the main points of vol. x. of the Weimar edition, a bibliography, incomplete and yet giving the more important recent material on the "Iphigenie," including both German and French school editions, there is an introductory essay dealing with the legend of Orestes, the question of blood-guilt among the Greeks, the story of Orestes and Iphigenia in ancient literature—particularly in the period from Homer to Æschylus—and the "Electras" of Sophocles and Euripides, and the same legends in French and German literature before Goethe. The genesis of Goethe's "Iphigenie" is explained in his experience up to the end of 1775, his relation to Frau von Stein, and his labors on the masterpiece, first in Weimar and then in Italy. That which marks this critical essay especially is the discussion of the healing of Orestes, the pivotal point of the play. Professor Winkler agrees with leading critics that "the 'Iphigenie,' like the representative works of Goethe, must be studied from the standpoint of the poet's experience, and that therefore a careful analysis of this experience and the poet's own correspondence are the safest guides for the sound interpretation of the drama." The notes are scholarly and independent.

The present conditions in China are interestingly described by the Hon. T. W. Foster in the *National Geographic Magazine* for December. The efforts towards reform in education, the opium habit, the creation of an army, the establishment of a parliament, the development of the country's resources are well treated. He presents the Chinese side of several important matters. For example, he shows how entirely right the Government was in compelling the surrender of the Canton-Hankow railroad concession. He closes with a reference to the honorable and patriotic feeling towards the payment of that "outrageous imposition," the Boxer indemnity. An appeal for financial aid to meet the semi-annual instalments has been responded to by the offer of the officials of the whole country down to the eighth grade to contribute one-fifth of their salaries till the whole indemnity has been paid. Their example has been followed by the gentry and merchants, guilds, societies, Christian churches, primary schools, and all classes contributing liberally according to their means. The Hon. John Barrett, our minister to Colombia, introduces an illustrated account of that country with a sketch of our present relations to Latin America, emphasizing the great significance of Secretary Root's recent tour. The last great elephant hunt in Siam given in honor of the Crown Prince on his return from his visit to America, is shown graphically by a series of full-page reproductions of photographs with explanatory text by Miss E. R. Scidmore.

The January issue of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* begins publication of a very intelligent and systematic exploration, for New England names, of the Probate Courts at Peterborough, England. The several select wills are abstracted, and annotated where light can be shed upon them from New England annals. In the same number, with reference to one of the most singular features of modern daily journalism, the Boston *Transcript's* genealogical department, it is stated that a complete index to it from the first has been maintained in the Public Library at Lynn, Mass., and possibly also at Bangor, Me.

McClure's Magazine for January contains the first instalment—and very interesting it is—of one of the features of the new year, "Mary Baker G. Eddy; the Story of Her Life, and the History of Christian Science." The writer, Georgine Milmine, here deals with the first four decades of Mrs. Eddy's career—her hysterical childhood, her first two marriages, and the early influences by which she was surrounded. The facts are set forth dispassionately; and they go to show that Mrs. Eddy's memory as it has dealt with this part of her life, has either played her utterly false, or has extraordinary powers of refraction.

Fresh proof of the range of President Roosevelt's intellectual interests is furnished in his article, "The Ancient Irish Sagas," in the *Century* for January. He does not attempt a critical study, but he merely tells of the things which he has found personally interesting in this ancient poetry.

The December issue of the *Bulletin* of the New York Public Library contains the second and last instalment of the Naval Letters from Capt. Percival Drayton, 1861-1865.

An article of quite unusual interest has appeared in the December number of *La Lettura*, a monthly periodical published in connection with the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan; for in it Prof. Guido Biagi, the well-known author of "La Vita Privata dei Fiorentini," has instituted a scholarly comparison between the American merchant of to-day and the Florentine merchant of the Trecento. His article is entitled "Malizie di Mercanti antichi e moderni," and the two documents upon which he bases his argument are: for the United States, Mr. H. Lorimer's "Old Gorgon Graham"; and, for fourteenth century Florence, a hitherto unpublished codex in the Archivio Riccardiano. The latter, which was written by a certain Paolo di Messer Pace da Certaldo and preserved by his descendants to the fourth generation, professes to be a "Libro di buoni assempri e buoni costumi, e buoni proverbi e buoni amaestramenti," but contains also much practical advice and throws a fresh flood of light upon the every day life of the period. The somewhat bizarre comparison with the methods of the Union Stock Yards does nothing to militate against the value of Professor Biagi's researches, which will be heartily welcomed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by every student of mediæval Italy. The article is illustrated with photographs of miniatures from contemporary codices.

The biography of the late Dean S. R. Hole is in preparation, and a request is made that letters or other pertinent papers be lent to Mrs. Hole, Waterbury, Kent.

On Wednesday of last week W. J. Craig died at the age of sixty-three, Mr. Craig, an English student of Elizabethan literature, was editor of "The Oxford Shakespeare." He was engaged on an elaborate "Shakespeare Lexicon," with illustrations from the literature of the period. It is not yet made known how far toward completion this great work was carried.

Last Friday, at Melbourne, Australia, occurred the death of the Rev. Robert Rainy, principal of New College, Edinburgh, one of the most prominent Presbyterian clergymen of Great Britain. From 1851 to 1854 he was minister of the Free Church, Huntley, Aberdeenshire, and of the Free High Church, Edinburgh, from 1854 to 1862. In the latter year he became professor of church history, holding that chair until 1900. His chief works are: "Life of Principal Cunningham," "Delivery and Development of the Christian Doctrine" (being the Cunningham Lecture). "The Bible and Criticism," "The Ancient Catholic Church."

At the last meeting of the Vorderasiatische Gesellschaft in Berlin, Prof. Hugo Winckler, the Assyriologist, gave a full report of a rich new archæological field which he has undertaken to investigate under the auspices of the society. This is found at Boghaz-Koi, about five days' march east of Angora and in the heart of Asia Minor. A preliminary investigation had led Professor Winckler to regard these remains as the city of Arzaba, which from 1500 to 1100 B. C. was one of the leading cities of the famout Cheta or Hittite kingdom. Now, however, he has learned that he has found the city of Cheta itself, the central seat of this empire. Among the finds are a large number of letter fragments, tablets, etc., containing among other things treaties with the Kings of Egypt, as also with subordinate potentates. It appears that the Cheta Empire was a federation of States, reaching at that time to the borders of Syria, but with a central power vested in the Great King. The archæological finds made here amount to more than two thousand items, and furnish material for research for years to come, that may clear up the problems connected with the mysterious Hittite Kingdom.

At the leading German universities there had been for several years associations of women students, and at a meeting of representatives of these lately held in Weimar a national woman's university society was established. While this new organization proposes to advance the cause of the higher education of women in general, its first and foremost object is to inaugurate a movement to secure for women the right of matriculation in the universities of Prussia. As matters now stand, practically all the universities of the smaller States in the German Empire admit women on an equality with men; but Prussia, which is generally credited with having the best institutions of this kind, refuses to enroll women as full university students. This new Verband studierender Frauen Deutschlands has decided to appeal to the Empress to use her influence for their cause.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

Jean Jacques Rousseau: A New Criticism. By Frederika Macdonald. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.50.

The "new criticism" displayed in these needlessly bulky volumes turns out to be an enlargement and confirmation of the same author's contention in her "Studies in the France of Voltaire and Rousseau," published in 1895, from which one whole chapter is excerpted, with modifications, on the subject of Rousseau's children and his putting away of them (I., 140). While, in the course of her minute argument, she touches almost every phase of Jean Jacques's career, but unevenly, the work is not for those who would seek in it a first acquaintance with the man whose 200th birth anniversary will be celebrated six years hence. Such as are, on the contrary, already more or less familiar with his biography in its broader outlines, will find their profit in Mrs. Macdonald's challenge of the defamers of Rousseau's personality—both among his contemporaries and by too subservient latter-day accepters of the legend invented by them, notably Sainte-Beuve, Saint-Marc Girardin, E. Scherer, John Morley, and Perey and Maugras.

It is upon the decade 1746-1766 that her searchlight is principally directed. In this period were painted the only two authentic likenesses of her hero that have come down to us—the La Tour pastel of 1753, of which one may see a replica in the Musée d'Art at Geneva, and the Ramsay oil painting made at Hume's instance in London in 1766, and now in the National Gallery at Edinburgh. In the interesting group of portraits and views gathered in these volumes we miss the La Tour, a smiling, affable face, surmounted by a peruke, a figure clothed in the upper fashion of the day, whom it is the author's mission to restore as essentially amiable and not misanthropic—least of all, the ingrate, the monster, the savage of the Philosophers who secretly blackened him while alive, and poisoned public and even scholarly opinion regarding him as soon as he was in his grave and before his dreaded "Confessions" appeared. Mrs. Macdonald is up to date with a photographic reproduction from Ramsay's canvas, which she takes over from the current *Annales* of the new Genevan Société J.-J. Rousseau, appending to it, however, Rousseau's opprobrious after-judgment of it as one more proof of Hume's false friendship and malignity. In it, to be sure, we no longer see the world-bright aspect of the famous premiated author of the "Discours sur les Sciences et les Arts," the musician who was delighting the Court with his "Devin du Village," but the outcast seeking on English soil a final refuge from Continental persecution, conscious of the conspiracy to hound and to silence him, over-suspicious, gloomy, clad in Armenian costume of cap and gown. One might fairly say that it is the battle between these two portraits (of which Ramsay's is undeniably the more fascinating) into which Mrs. Macdonald plunges with an ardor that may be thought needless in our time, and with a diligent pursuit of error and falsehood worthy of all praise. Her method is to nail every lie, principal or subsidiary, as she proceeds; in her own words (II., 314): "The method of testing the truth of this libel is to state the facts, and to give the documents which establish the truth of the statement." The result is an extraordinarily rich assortment of first-hand evidence, most convenient to the use of the student, sometimes in translation, but abundantly in French, often in both languages; and at times Mrs. Macdonald (as if by an unconscious lapse) even connects in French of her own the passages she is transcribing from the original. Is it, for example, the question whether Rousseau committed suicide, by shooting? We have given us in French the official reports to the contrary at the time, of the autopsy (by his own desire), of the burial; the touching account of his last days and natural death by M. le Bègue de Presle; and, finally, the record of the opening in December, 1897, of Rousseau's coffin in the Panthéon (along with Voltaire's) which settled forever the falsity of the charge of suicide. And again: the *Annales* having furnished fresh documents from the *jongleur* Tronchin's papers regarding this "worse than foe, an alienated friend's" machinations against Rousseau, Mrs. Macdonald arrays for the first time in chronological order the letters between the celebrated physician and Rousseau leading up to the breach of friendship and of correspondence.

Mrs. Macdonald is entitled to all that she claims for herself in the way of research. If she sought vainly in the Paris libraries for a copy of A. A. Barbier's alleged analysis of Mme. d'Épinay's posthumous Memoirs prior to Brunet's doctoring of them for publication, she discovered in 1896 the Brunet MS. in the Bibliothèque Historique de la Ville de Paris (by which it was acquired at a sale as late as 1885), and was thus enabled to lay bare the whole history of the printed work which has so imposed its authority on the critics and biographers of the past century. To this discovery we owe the genesis of the present work, which might fairly have been designated "Rousseau and Mme. d'Épinay"; for wide as are the ripples in Mrs. Macdonald's pool, the Memoirs are the pebble from which they all circle out. She was led to scrutinize anew the original MS. (of which Brunet's was a fair copy), curiously divided between the Archives and the Arsenal Library, and styled in the former portion "Lettres de Mme. de Montbrillant." She was able to identify, besides the hand of the amanuensis, that of Mme. d'Épinay herself under duress, and that of Diderot, who by insertions, interlineations, marginal corrections, and especially by a series of curt notes directing alterations, which were slavishly complied with, achieved a deeper denigration of "René" (Rousseau) in the censor's own interest. The proofs of this tampering are afforded by facsimiles which leave no doubt on the subject, and by tracing to the Brunet MS. (proceeding from one of Grimm's secretaries) and the printed Memoirs the interpolations concocted as above. Old *cahiers* of what the Germans would call an *Ur*-manuscript survived in sufficient numbers to show the patchwork process.

Here was Mrs. Macdonald's touchstone, and she applies it mercilessly and con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vincingly to Brunet's conscienceless product (which changed the work from its form of a romance to that of serious history, and supplied the real names). No one had done this before her, though MM. Perey and Maugras had the chance, and lost it through dulness or bias. She applies it to Diderot's "Tablet" exhibiting Rousseau's "seven rascalities," all of them embodied in the D'Épinay recension. She applies it with equal effectiveness to the story of the offer of the Hermitage—shown to be not a part of the author's first narration—and quotes copiously from the Memoirs in this critique. She applies it to the problem of the authorship of the anonymous letter apprising St.-Lambert of Rousseau's passion for his mistress, Mme. d'Houdetot (Mme. d'Épinay's cousin and sister-in-law); to the crimes against Grimm with which Rouuseau was charged; to Diderot's pseudo-letter to the latter, which Grimm welcomed as a tidbit for his *Correspondance Littéraire*, and which, Mrs. Macdonald discovers, was rejected by the censor of Mme. d'Épinay's relation. She unmasks Grimm in his secret disfigurement of Rousseau in the *Correspondance*; among her minor discoveries being a list of paid subscribers, in Grimm's papers now in the Bibliothèque Nationale. In this section of the nobility is found Horace Walpole, author of the shameless forgery of a letter from Frederick II. to Rousseau which Hume (whether or no he had a hand in it) found a mere "pleasantry"—Frederick, whom Grimm carefully served with the *Correspondance*, and (we have his word for it) hoped to turn against Rousseau by his libels.

For Grimm and Diderot Mrs. Macdonald has no forgiveness, and she is right. Towards Voltaire she shows a leniency derivable from her general admiration for this coworker with the foregoing, though his abuse was more obscene than theirs, and his forgeries worse than Walpole's, and though he stooped to inform the Council of Geneva against Rousseau (and to deny the act), and was not unjustly denominated by his victim as "the chief of my persecutors." The appendix note with which Volume II. concludes is devoted to Voltaire, and is among the most interesting of all. In it is cited an argumentative *pastiche* of Rousseau upon Voltaire, as to his intolerance, fully equal in verisimilitude and mordancy to Voltaire's epigrammatic tirade against Rousseau's paradoxes and inconsistencies. Mrs. Macdonald's apology for Voltaire—virtually that he was under the deceitful influence of Grimm and Diderot—is substantially what she extends to Mme. d'Épinay, finding her never an enemy of Rousseau who sought to do him harm, and essentially a good woman, in spite of her sexual immorality, which was but the character of her time and society. With this view we have no disposition to quarrel: indeed, we may borrow an illustration of its justice from M. Philippe Godet's recent exhaustive and absorbing study of "Mme. de Charrière et ses Amis." This brilliant Dutchwoman (who sat to Latour for her portrait while Rousseau was sitting to Ramsay), when still unmarried, entertained a furious Platonic friendship and correspondence with Constance d'Hermenches, uncle of her future lover, Benjamin Constant. D'Hermenches, whose *galanteries* were perfectly well known to her, was ill-mated and chafing for divorce in the interest of new amours. The lady, nevertheless, was quite ready to marry him if he were free. On one occasion she had to reprove him for a piece of petty domestic cruelty. She could overlook, she said, his infidelities, as they were inherent in the frailty of human nature—"but it is so easy to refrain from beating your wife's dog." In truth, these infidelities spoke very little concerning the individual character of the man she was censuring, whereas the incident selected was a veritable index of it.

To return to Grimm & Co., their very language, faithfully reported here, set in comparison with Rousseau's meeting of their perfidious calumnies, should convince any one of his self-restraint and his peace-loving and forgiving disposition. Voltaire shows even worse by contrast to one who ever remained his admirer and contributed to his statue, and whose denunciations were moral judgments, never mere invective and outrage. Heartless, indeed, was the spirit that could write of the poor fugitive from state to state (II., 341): "Jean-Jacques, décrété à Paris et à Genève, convaincu qu'un corps ne peut être en deux lieux à la fois, s'enfuit dans un troisième." Let any reader of Mrs. Macdonald pass direct to the body of Rousseau's correspondence to satisfy himself regarding the lovableness of the born musician, the born lover of nature, the amateur botanist—to mention no other gentle traits.

There remains the vexed question of Rousseau's children sent to the foundling asylum, or "exposed" as Voltaire and his associates would have it. Mrs. Macdonald tries hard not to sophisticate in her judgment of the fact, supposing it to be true, or of Rousseau's vindication of his unnatural behavior. She has claims to research here, also, for she went through the carefully kept registers of the Enfants-Trouvés without finding any entry even in the case of the first child, which Rousseau had provided with a card of recognition. She found a Rousseau of right date, but not to be considered, and she is now inclined to settle down in the not unreasonable faith of Dr. J. Roussel (chap. ix. of John Grand-Carteret's "J.-J. Rousseau jugé par les Français d'aujourd'hui," 1890), that the congenital malady which was Rousseau's life-long torment and led him to adopt the Armenian dress, was incompatible with procreation. Was he under an illusion regarding there having been any births? This seems incredible. Rousseau steadfastly maintained that he had not left his children in the streets, but assumed full responsibility for transferring them directly to the asylum through the medium of the midwife, and manifested a proper remorse for what he considered a humane deed under the circumstances. There remains another hypothesis suggested by an unsupported story (II., 308) of his having assured Moultou, by all that was sacred, that he had never had any children—meaning that the foundlings were bastards, even if before the world he accepted the rôle of putative father? The mystery will never be solved. A reviewer in the *Athenæum* cites Édouard Rod's revelation (in his "L'Affaire J.-J. Rousseau") of the discovery in the archives of the Enfants-Trouvés of a notarial act in which, two years after Rousseau's death, or in 1780, the widow Thérèse abandoned her interest in the profits arising from the sale of the folio collection of Rousseau's musical compositions ("Les Consolations des Misères de ma Vie," Paris, 1781), for the eventual benefit of the Enfants-Trouvés. But had M. Rod examined the "Consolations" he would have observed that the profits were expressly designated for the Enfants-Trouvés, with no mention of Thérèse, who may nevertheless have been provided for, and who thus discounted before publication the benefits contemplated in her case. Had Mrs. Macdonald done likewise, she could hardly have failed to moralize on the list of patrons of a work to serve as a monument to a precursor and promoter *par excellence* of the impending Revolution. It begins with the Queen, followed by Madame, the Countess d'Artois, the Duchess de Chartres, the Duchess de Bourbon, the Princess de Lamballe (of dreadful memory); and can we believe our eyes when we find among the subscribing Paris nobility and gentry the mocking signature of "Grimm (M. le Baron de), Ministre Plénipotentiaire de Saxe-Gotha"?

It is no fault of Mrs. Macdonald's if Rousseau's prediction be not verified: "O! quand un jour le voile sera tiré, que la postérité m'aimera! qu'elle bénira ma mémoire!" We believe it will, and could wish that his admirer might have possessed greater literary skill, been less prolix and repetitious, less exasperating in her punctuation, more exacting of her printer in the French extracts, more endowed with typographic sense, though many will thank her for the bold body type, even when long quotations demanded a smaller. She has made some slips in reading her MS., some in translation. The most important source she appears to have neglected is François Meunier's "Madame de Warens et J.-J. Rousseau" (1902?), though she has taken "Maman's" portrait from it, perhaps. At page 125 of Volume I. she accepts Rousseau's account of "summer months spent at Les Charmettes, . . . where Rousseau had only the society of the adored Mme. de Warens and the companionship of his own thoughts and of nature." M. Meunier's researches tend to show that "Maman" made him a convenient exile in that Elysium, and that (p. 358) "l'idylle des Charmettes n'a jamais existé" except in Rousseau's imagination. But this has no relation to Mrs. Macdonald's main purpose. Her work is an honor to her head and heart, and as a repository is indispensable to every Rousseau library.

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

The Great Revolt of 1381. By Charles Oman. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.90.

On the score of industry as disclosed by output, Professor Oman deserves to make a third with Major Hume and Andrew Lang. His remarkable powers of application are again illustrated by the present volume, which, though not long, represents much work among materials that cannot be handled rapidly. In former times a sketch of Wat Tyler's rising could be prepared with the help of chronicles alone; but now social and economic history cannot be studied in that way. Poll-tax rolls,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inquests, petitions, and records of trials are among the chief materials which the modern historian must use in writing of 1381, and these are not such quick reading as Froissart and Knighton.

In preparing his monograph, Professor Oman has had one great aid. The late André Réville, who wrote a luminous account of the troubles in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Hertfordshire, left numerous transcripts of documents which relate to the Peasants' Revolt in other parts of the country. Had he lived, it would have been unnecessary for any one else to take up the subject, but, like other men who have worked too hard at the École des Chartes, he was cut off just when he was on the point of establishing a fine reputation. His transcripts have passed into the hands of Professor Oman, who uses them freely but adds to them materials of value discovered by himself. Both Réville and Powell have dealt in detail with the East Anglian part of the movement, but for the other shires affected there was a gap which Mr. Oman now fills. And not only does he deal with the outbreaks as they affected every district from Somerset to Norfolk and from York to Kent, but he supplies excellent comment concerning the factors which entered into this famous and complicated disturbance.

The Peasants' Revolt had its more general causes in the dislocation of society by the Black Death and the stupid determination of the English Government to continue war with France after the victories of Du Guesclin. With the outbreak of violence Wyclif and Lollardy had nothing whatever to do. The masses were pinched by want, and when the Government insisted on taxing them for wars of ambition, the breaking point was reached. Prior to 1381 there had been numerous manorial revolts in almost every part of southern and eastern England, but two things were needed to render resistance universal. The first of these was an oppressive exaction like the poll-tax of 1381; the second was the resolve of the Government to punish those who evaded the tax. One of the most startling and convincing points in Mr. Oman's argument is that the writ of inquiry dated March 16, 1381, was the immediate cause of the great disturbance rather than any special organization on the part of the malcontents which led to concerted action. The tax was three times as heavy as that of 1377, and levied with less regard to the necessities of the very poor. As a result, fraudulent returns poured in from every shire—almost from every township. The merest novice at the exchequer could detect the deception, but the Government made a grave mistake when in the writ of inquiry it put out a threat of confiscation which, if executed, would have meant disaster to a majority of the population.

It is a prevalent idea, derived mainly from Froissart, that the Great Revolt was purely an insurrection of villeins. As a matter of fact many other classes joined in the disturbance, there being even in the rural districts a clear distinction between the insurgent villeins and the landless men who felt their wages to be tyrannically restricted by the Statute of Laborers. Manorial oppression doubtless was the largest grievance, but the spirit of anarchy once let loose attached itself to antagonisms of every kind. In towns like St. Albans, Dunstable, Bury St. Edmunds, and Lynn the citizens rose against their feudal superior. In towns like Winchester, Beverley, and Scarborough the masses turned upon the members of an encroaching oligarchy. In London the mob wiped out an old grudge against the foreign merchants by killing them and wrecking their premises. The most interesting if not the most valuable feature of Professor Oman's book is the diversity of material which it contains. The whole episode assumes new meaning under his skilful analysis of the causes which prompted such a widespread and spontaneous uprising.

This study adds weight to the strictures which have been made by Maitland and Cunningham upon a pet theory of Thorold Rogers. His view was that though the lords seemed to have got the upper hand, "the War of 1381 has as its effect the practical extinction of villeinage." Against this statement it can be urged that manorial records show the lords enforcing their rights with the utmost strictness in the generation which immediately follows the suppression of the revolt. The decline in villeinage is ascribable not to any special event, but to the voluntary relinquishment of demesne land to copyholders. The beginning of this process is observable in the reign of Edward III., and servile status has almost wholly disappeared before the death of Henry VI. But there is abundance of proof to show that Thorold Rogers was wrong in ascribing the eventual emancipation of the villeins to the events of 1381.

The incidents of the revolt are described by Professor Oman with considerable detail, but into this portion of the book we are unable to follow him. The study as a whole is compact, thoughtful, and learned. A useful selection of documents will be found in the appendix.

A History of Egypt from the Earliest Times to the Persian Conquest. By James Henry Breasted. With 200 illustrations and maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ancient Records of Egypt. Historical documents from the earliest times to the Persian Conquest, collected, edited, and translated, with commentary, by James Henry Breasted. 4 volumes. I., The First to the Seventeenth Dynasties; II., The Eighteenth Dynasty; III., the Nineteenth Dynasty; IV., The Twentieth to the Twenty-sixth Dynasties. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Egypt Through the Stereoscope. A Journey through the Land of the Pharaohs, conducted by James Henry Breasted. New York: Underwood & Underwood.

It is a matter of congratulation that the best and most readable English history of Egypt has been written by an American. The histories of Brugsch and Birch have been superseded; the volumes of Wiedemann and Petrie, with their mass of detail, never were intended for continuous reading; they are books of reference, with exhaustive catalogues of the monuments and documents from which history is derived. Maspero's great work on the early civilizations is monumental, but it is far more inclusive than a mere history, and it is also marred by a dogmatic bias on the part of the translator, which has rendered the work an object of uncertainty and suspicion.

In contrast with these books, we are now presented with a history which is a model in many respects. A welcome is due to it from those whose special interest centres in Egypt, from those who have the opportunity of spending a winter under the cloudless skies of the Nile-land, and also from those who are coming gradually to realize that the civilization of Europe owes Egypt a debt for material contributions at a formative period. For ages Egypt led in the march, and its line went out through all the earth. A readable history of Egypt makes its appeal also to those students of the Bible who wish to trace the mutual relations of the Israelites and Egyptians, a history which is written from a sympathetic point of view while being at the same time scientific.

Professor Breasted has made the attempt to present a modern history of Egypt. What this involves is not at once patent to the uninitiated. A first-class history must go back to the sources. But the study of the sources in this case means an examination of a multitude of inscriptions in the original, the copying and correcting of many hieroglyphic texts, and the translation and annotation of so many of these that they fill four volumes of "Ancient Records," each containing more than 350 octavo pages. The original texts were scattered through all the museums of Europe, or are still in their original places in Egypt itself, or in the Cairo Museum. The copies found in the older books are unreliable, having been made long before the recent advance in knowledge of Egyptian grammar. Egyptian epigraphy is inherently difficult, but doubly so when hindered by defective knowledge of the grammar and vocabulary.

The results of this vast labor are made readily available to the student in the four volumes of the "Records." These volumes are a sort of by-product of Professor Breasted's labors as agent in the field, for the collection and collation of material for the monumental dictionary of the Egyptian language now in process of preparation under the auspices of the German Emperor. The author says:

> If these studies shall be considered to have made any contribution to modern knowledge in this field, it will be in the re-examination of the originals, the collection and focussing of all related materials with each document, and the assembly and translation of these materials complete in convenient form for reference.

How colossal a task this was, one can scarcely realize. Only one similar attempt to translate Egyptian documents had ever been made, viz., in the "Records of the Past" series. But in that series there was a lack of uniformity in rendering and treatment incident to a variety of translators and the absence of controlling editorship. Here we have a careful, uniform, and scientific rendering of all the known and accessible texts bearing on the history of Egypt. These volumes form a monument of the author-translator, which will give his name a permanent place in the literature of the subject.

The "History," based upon these documents, comprises about 600 octavo pages, and is illustrated by a multitude of appropriate and interesting cuts, half-tone and other. It is not to be expected that the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

volume shall be exhaustive of all the details. The method of presentation is that of the ready writer, in whose mind all the facts lie well ordered, only awaiting expression. The narrative moves rapidly, without hitch or break. In a word, the history is a model of its kind and a delight to read.

Professor Breasted has also entered another field in preparing the text of a volume intended to accompany a selected hundred stereoscopic pictures of the most noteworthy scenes and objects in Egypt. This series offers a vivid substitute for an actual trip up the Nile. The comment is that of the experienced observer.

The Story of Old Fort Johnson. By W. Max Reid. Illustrated by John Arthur Maney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

A few miles west of Amsterdam, in the Mohawk Valley, stands Old Fort Johnson, one of the most notable colonial mansions that have survived to our day. Here from 1742 until he changed his residence to Johnstown in 1763, was the home of Sir William Johnson, the most important, as he was the most interesting, figure in the colonial history of New York. The old house (it cannot properly be called a fort) came into the market last year in the settlement of an estate, and Gen. John Watts de Peyster purchased and patriotically gave it to the Montgomery County Historical Society. These circumstances appear to have been the immediate occasion for the publication of the present volume. Mr. Reid is a local antiquarian, already the author of an elaborate book, "The Mohawk Valley." He is well versed in early history, but he should have had the guidance of hands more accomplished than his own in the art of putting a book together properly.

Mr. Reid tells us in his preface that his title "indicates the character and purpose of this work." It does almost anything rather than that. Not more than one-quarter of the book relates in any direct way to Sir William's home. The remainder is a miscellaneous collection of romantic traditions and accepted facts, compiled from other histories with additional material collected at first hand by the author, but pertaining chiefly to other subjects than Fort Johnson. Among these are the battle of Lake George, the conspiracy of Pontiac, the interview between Gen. Herkimer and Joseph Brant, the siege of Fort Schuyler, affairs on the Susquehanna and Schoharie Rivers, etc. All of this is thrown together without chronology or any inter-relation and coördination of chapters. While many of the events were taking place, Fort Johnson, it is true, was standing, and for a part of the time Sir William was still alive; but that is all.

Moreover, in Mr. Reid's manuscript many verbal and other corrections should have been made. Sir William is called "the grand old man of frontier literary fame." As he died at fifty-nine, he was scarcely an old man, while his fame, great as it is and greater still as it should be, is in no sense literary. Fort Johnson is called "the first baronial mansion in New York." Erected as late as 1742, it hardly deserves this distinction; at least three of the Hudson valley manors had been half a century in existence when Fort Johnson was built, and houses had certainly been erected on them. We are informed that in Pontiac's War Sir William and Joseph Brant were "leaders." Brant scarcely had that distinction, being then only twenty-one years of age. He had some part in the war, but it was wholly inconspicuous. Many similar errors might be cited. The index is inadequate. It is devoid of "catch words," lack of which makes page references useless.

Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. A study of a XV. Century Italian Despot. By Edward Hutton. With ten illustrations in photogravure. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

This is an excellent book, worthy to be read by every lover of good English, and unquestionably the finest piece of work Mr. Hutton has as yet done. It is, he tells us, "an experiment." He has set himself "to write fact as fiction," endeavoring "to give an impression of the first part of the fifteenth century without using a single incident which is not authenticated." His subject is Sigismondo Malatesta of Rimini, that strangest and yet most typical of Italian despots; and his mouthpiece is a certain Messer Pietro Sanseverino, a wholly imaginary person, but one, nevertheless, who tells the story of his patron's life as seriously as Monsieur Yriarte himself has done, and certainly with greater accuracy. There is here no such confusion between fact and fiction as we find in the so-called historical novel, and the visitor to Rimini and to the tomb and temple *Divae Isottae Ariminensi Sacrum* will find in these pages an amount of perfectly trustworthy information, which it is difficult to obtain elsewhere.

It is, however, the literary achievement which excites our greatest admiration. Sanseverino is no lay-figure. In a way—a subtle and deceptive way—he is the true hero of the book; we are at least as much interested in his character and idiosyncrasies as we are in those of the great personages whose exploits he relates; and when we read, in the epilogue (which purports to have been written by another hand), how he died, full of years and honors, yet, as the astrologer who cast his horoscope had prophesied that he would die, "hand in hand with youth," we almost feel as though we had lost a dear and intimate friend. Nor is this result obtained by illegitimate means. Mr. Hutton has been at infinite pains to create the right atmosphere and environment. Not only does Sanseverino live in the fifteenth century beneath Italian skies and among just such scenery as Flavio Biondo, Leon Battista Alberti, and Pope Pius II. have described for us, but he is himself also a product of that age; so much so, that it would be quite possible to know a good deal more than the average reader is likely to know about the Italian Renaissance without shattering the illusion. It is only when we deliberately force ourselves to be critical and begin to compare the work before us with the literature of the *quattrocento* that we perceive that the intellectual outlook of the writer, and, above all, his modes of expression, are those of our own day. Sanseverino says many beautiful things, and tells his story with a directness and simplicity worthy of all praise; but, regarded from this, perhaps hypercritical, standpoint, he is, we are compelled to admit, after all, little better than a mask from behind which we hear the voice of his creator.

Thus, for example, the exquisitely beautiful description of Sigismondo's meeting with Isotta and of her influence over him would have been quite incomprehensible to a *quattrocentista*. Let the reader attempt to translate the passage in question (pages 82-84) into Italian of the *bel secolo della lingua*, and he will see why this is so. In like manner, the whole account of Sigismondo's childhood is hopelessly modern, both in feeling and treatment; while of anachronisms in method of expression we might quote innumerable instances. Suffice it to note that, on page 12, we are introduced to "Captain Gil Alvarez Carillo di Albornoz." What *quattrocentista* would have written that? From Matteo Villani to Ser Guerriero da Gubbio, in the chronicles of Perugia, of Rimini, of Orvieto, of Bologna, of Florence, Albornoz is spoken of as plain "Messer Gilio" or "Messer Egidio di Spagna, Cardinale." Indeed, almost as often as not, he is nameless, appearing simply as "a cardinal legate of the Pope," or as "one of those cardinals who crowned the Emperor."

But enough of criticism. The reviewer who can find nothing worse than this to complain of may indeed hold himself fortunate, and if Mr. Hutton's "experiment" is not entirely successful, that is due to the fact that success was practically impossible. Indeed, we sincerely doubt whether there exists in the world to-day a scholar so completely master of the English language, and, at the same time, so profoundly imbued with the spirit of the *quattrocento*, that he could do much better. The book as it stands is not only a useful contribution to Italian history, but also a prose poem of no small merit, finely cadenced, to be "rolled lovingly under the mental tongue," and read, not with captious criticisms, but, as its author would have us read it, "for delight." Our one serious ground of quarrel with Mr. Hutton is the absence of an index—an omission which seriously impairs the usefulness of the book.

Truth and Falsehood in Religion. By William Ralph Inge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

This book consists of six lectures delivered, at the invitation of a committee composed of resident graduates in the University of Cambridge, to an audience composed mainly of undergraduates; the author, now vicar of All Saints', Knightsbridge, was lately Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. The object of the lectures is to commend Christianity as a religious system to the attention of thoughtful young men, and this the author's method is well fitted to do. He candidly admits the difficulties of the subject, and recognizes the defects of much of the current Christianity and the value of modern scientific and philosophical thought. Religion, he holds, is not chiefly an affair of the intellect; the necessary postulate, or act of faith, is the belief that "our higher reason is in vital ontological communion with the power which lives and moves in all things, and most chiefly in the spirit of man" (p.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

108). He lays no stress on miracles and prophecy, and he values dogma largely as the symbol of spiritual truth. What he emphasizes is the inner life. He deprecates the use of words like "atheism" and "infidelity" to describe the attitude of men like Huxley, Tyndall, and Haeckel. Such men, he thinks, are earnest preachers of a religion which they believe to be both true and precious; to Huxley science seemed to teach the great truth which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Further, Mr. Inge asserts that the bald hope of immortality, the brute instinct of self-preservation, has no necessary connection with religion; the real life is that which is linked with the whole order of God's thought and purpose, with the eternal existence and character of the man, and our consciousness of immortality consists in our consciousness and expression of this meaning (p. 168).

Mr. Inge thus puts religion in general and Christianity in particular on a high spiritual plane. But he is by no means ready to part with the supernatural. He will admit that belief in the Virgin Birth is not an essential feature of the Christian faith, has theologically no connection with the incarnation; but he says much of the "sacramental value" of this dogma and others. It cannot be said that he is clear on the subject of the supernatural; aware of the unsatisfactoriness of his presentation, he leaves the question with a plea for suspense of judgment (p. 117). On one point, however, he is decided and definite: he holds the doctrine of the divinity of Christ to be an essential element of Christian belief. The Logos doctrine of the Fourth Gospel and the Pauline conception of the mystical union of the believer with Christ he regards not only as Scriptural, but also as logically inevitable. The omission of this doctrine, he says, leaves Christ no place in his own gospel. It is doubtful whether his argument on this point (for he attempts an extra-Scriptural demonstration of his assertion) will satisfy the audience to which he addresses himself. But though we cannot regard his treatment of the Logos idea as convincing, we can heartily commend the spirit of his lectures, and there can be nothing but approval of his closing words: "If you cannot worship Jesus Christ, cannot you reverence and try to imitate Him? . . . Orthodoxy may wait; but the following in the footsteps of Christ must not be deferred."

The Modern Pulpit. By Lewis O. Brastow. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Despite notable instances of philosophic grasp and genuine human sympathy in the discussion of the principles and methods of preaching, the traditional treatise on homiletics is dull, commonplace, and permeated with a wearying littleness. There are traditions of giants in divinity school chairs of homiletical practice, but for several decades past, both abroad and in this country, lights that were distinctly lesser have shed glow on the preparation and delivery of sermons. Hebrew and New Testament Greek have been taught by men of parts; and students have been enthusiastic over expounders of the history and doctrines of the Church; while instruction in homiletics has too often been left to teachers of a different calibre. Professor Brastow's volume may be taken as the herald of a better day. Here is at least serious endeavor to correlate preaching with the philosophy and criticism, the spirit and life, of the time. The sermon is regarded, not as a little artistic construction in its own department, but as an integral part of the thought and effort of the age, amenable to the belief and aspirations current in the life to which it speaks. Professor Brastow sees clearly that there can be no understanding of the masters of pulpit oratory without thorough study of the tendencies and leading characteristics of the generation in which they lived.

In expounding, therefore, the Protestant preaching of modern times in Germany, Great Britain, and America, he submits the intellectual movements in those countries for the past two centuries to thoughtful examination, and endeavors to interpret the preaching of each country, and of the more prominent pulpit orators, in the light of the fundamental characteristics of the life to which the preaching was directed and of which it was a part. The result is most instructive and enlightening. The reader is made to see Newman, for example, not as a maker of an abstract thing called a sermon, but as the creator and advocate, through his pulpit work not less than his literary activity, of a great movement in current intellectual and religious life. Our own Beecher stands out, not as a genius apart in the art of public address, but at once the product and the moulder of certain tendencies in American life.

It should not be understood that in this essay the distinctive personal qualities and merits of Liddon and Channing, Martineau and Brooks, are disregarded. The individual characteristics of each are fairly recorded, perhaps not in a manner to satisfy their partisans, but with sincere attempt at impartial historical judgment. The author has even had the temerity to include characterizations of a number of preachers who are still active, and, while his selection and appraisal show discernment, he is perhaps too near them to preserve the sense of proportion. The notable feature of this volume, however, is not its descriptions of personalities, but its examination of the more general agencies that have wrought upon modern preaching, together with its discrimination of the distinctive qualities in homiletical practice in the various Protestant nationalities and communions.

The Gate of Death. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

There is no name upon the title-page of this book, but the advance notices of the publisher have given sufficiently clear hints as to its authorship; and its uniformity in appearance with "The Upton Letters" and "From a College Window" leaves no room for guesswork. The intimate nature of the work would certainly excuse a real anonymity, but it is a pity that the shallow pretence of it should be associated with a book of such dignity. One hardly knows where in the literature of English to turn for an equally ingenious record of the experience of a human soul which has passed through the Valley of the Shadow, and returned to consciousness of its house of flesh. The writer has not attempted a philosophical interpretation of his data, but presents them for what they may be worth as a series of detached impressions: "nothing but the record of the sincere and faltering thoughts of one who was suddenly and unexpectedly confronted with death, and who, in the midst of a very ordinary and commonplace life, with no deep reserves of wisdom, faith, or tenderness, had just to interpret as he best could." In one respect, at least, Arthur Christopher Benson is over-modest; for such a record as his could have come only from one who possessed deep reserves of tenderness.

The disabling accident, rescue from death, and slow convalescence all occur at the country house of a married sister, and among those whom he holds most dear. After the return to consciousness, "the first emotion that came back to me was affection; I felt it mostly in the form of compassion for those who were evidently distressed at what seemed to me a thing of very little moment. I had a sense of gratitude for the care and tenderness that were centred on me; a certain sorrow that I should give so much trouble." And, again and again, in the weeks and months that follow, recurs the note of a sympathy almost over-exquisite: now for a robin dead in the snow; now for a child who suffers by the fault of nobody to no end; now for a sled-dog killed that its fellows may continue to live. This experience at the gate of death leaves to the man his man's mind, while it restores to him the heart of a child. All things interpret themselves to him in a new light—the light of love, human and divine.

But let no reader take up this record with the expectation of finding it a work of conventional piety or sentiment. In the course of his slow withdrawal from the dark gate, the diarist does not feel by precedent or speak by rote. He has many doubts as to the limits of faith, as to the meaning of human suffering, as to immortality—as to everything except the existence of a Divine Power, which in some mysterious way works for good. The result is a work not of didactic effect; but of singularly pure and elevated sentiment; of melancholy in the old sweet sense. Such a mood brings out all the richness in Mr. Benson's voice:

> God rests, but ceases not. Through day and night alike beats the vast heart, pulsing in its secret cell. Through me, too, throbs that vital tide. What pain, what silence shall ever avail to bind that mighty impulse, or make animate whatever once has breathed and loved?

A Wanderer in London. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

The description of London, old and new, is usually approached in too solemn a spirit. The task is so gigantic, the faces of London so varied, the historical incidents and associations so overwhelming in number and importance, that the enterprise is likely to sober the most intrepid. Besant's "London," for instance, designs to leave nothing untold—possibly a mistaken

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ambition in a guide-book as well as in an epic. Mr. Lucas takes his London lightly, skims the cream, revives the reader with the most modern frivolous bits of information, and never oppresses him under a load of facts. After all, the London that one wants to know thoroughly is not so vast:

> London is a country containing many towns, of which a little central area of theatres and music halls, restaurants and shops, historic buildings and hotels, is the capital; . . . the Embankment, Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly, Regent Street and the British Museum, the Strand and Ludgate Hill, the Bank and the Tower. That is London to the ordinary inquisitive traveller.

All that there is in those limits of ancient and modern interest Mr. Lucas describes in a style that is always entertaining, surprisingly like Andrew Lang's, full of unexpected suggestions and points of view, so that one who knows London well will hereafter look on it with changed eyes, and one who has only a bowing acquaintance will feel that he has suddenly become intimate. Many people, however, will think that the illustrations are the best part. Mr. Dawson's colored pictures idealize somewhat the murky gloom that the true Londoner professes to love, and all his illustrations are suffused with a yellow radiance beneath the fog and rain that are often suggested. Besides these there are numerous black-and-white reproductions of masterpieces of the public galleries, all excellent, and of pictures that are not often reproduced.

Though this is emphatically London up to date, London as she greets the American visitor rather than the London of Dr. Johnson, which some writers find more interesting, Mr. Lucas here and there makes concessions to the historical mania. One of these excursions into the past carried him to Edmonton and Ware on the track of John Gilpin, whose famous ride was supposed to take place about 1750. He discovered what one would have thought the reviewers of Cowper would have pointed out in their day, that the distance from Gilpin's house to Ware is twenty miles, so that we are to imagine that the Calender's hack galloped forty miles without stopping; that Mrs. Gilpin in her loaded chaise must have driven by the straight road to Edmonton while her husband went a long way round, for not only would he otherwise have overtaken her on his galloping horse, but the ballad tells us that he came to the Wash before he reached the Bell Inn, although the Wash is a mile farther from London than the Bell! But there is yet another difficulty. The horse, one remembers, was making for his own stable at Ware. When this happens a horse usually runs straight. But such was Gilpin's détour that when he passed the Bell and his wife, he was really galloping towards London again. Were this ballad an epic, these contradictions would be enough to prove that it was put together by more than one poet.

We have noted the following corrections: On page 205 for Ponte Vecchia, read Vecchio; on 226 for Apollo Musegates, read Musegetes; 227 for Astrageli, read Astragali. There is one surprising omission. The only map is dated 1560, and is now of merely antiquarian interest. A good modern map is needed.

Four Centuries of the Panama Canal. By Willis Fletcher Johnson. With six colored maps and sixteen illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3 net.

This is the most thorough and comprehensive work that has yet appeared on the Panama Canal; and it is especially interesting because, as its title indicates, it opens to view the long perspective of the great enterprise. Four hundred and four years ago this month Columbus sailed into Limon Bay, the Atlantic entrance to the canal, trying, as we are trying now, to find a way to get his ships through to Asia. For a hundred years and more thereafter navigators of all lands strove to discover "the secret of the Strait," and pushed their boats up every river, bay, and inlet from Magellan's Strait to the Hudson River. Balboa was the first to cross the American barrier by the shortest way, a little east of the present Isthmian route. It was "stout Cortez" who first ventured to suggest that if no strait could be found one could be made.

Mr. Johnson devotes a hundred solidly-written pages to the history of Panama from its discovery to the failure of the French. Then follow the American assumption of the task; the fight between the Nicaragua and Panama routes; the sharp bargaining with the French company; the still sharper bargaining with Colombia; the bloodless revolution (one Chinaman killed, but Chinamen do not count on the Isthmus); the swift recognition of the independence of the Republic of Panama; and the Taft visit, which the author narrates from personal observation. Mr. Johnson also tells how we asked advice from foreign engineers and rejected it: how we killed off the mosquitoes and thereby extinguished yellow fever; and how we hurried and worried through that terrible first year—all with fuller detail than in any other single work on the subject. Mr. Johnson has been diligent in the collection of material, much of which is hard to find; but he does not give us a single foot-note reference to the source or authority for his statements, some of them novel and surprising enough to invite further investigation. But he has quoted generously from original State papers; and by adding a good index and eleven appendices containing the text of such documents as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, the Spooner Bill, and the Panaman Declaration of Independence, he has given us a valuable reference book.

Fortunately, he has confined himself mainly to the bare narration of events, and the copying of official records; for where he writes with a freer hand he uses the pen of a partisan, or at least an advocate, rather than that of an historian. He writes about Panama as though he were a real estate agent seeking investors, but even a real estate agent would avoid such sweeping and unqualified statements as this about rubber culture:

> You may plant a hundred trees on an acre, at a cost of only thirty dollars, and in a few years each tree will be yielding two to ten pounds of rubber a year, worth nearly a dollar a pound.

As a matter of fact, the most that can be said about rubber raising in Panama is that it is promising, but problematical. The same can be said of coffee, and as for indigo, which he recommends, its cultivation is being abandoned everywhere because the artificial product is cheaper and better. The streets of the city of Panama, in his opinion, compare favorably with those of Boston and New York in straightness, lightness, breadth, and cleanliness. The keynote of the book is given in its first pages by the dedication to Secretary Taft, for whom the author has unbounded admiration. Mr. Johnson's views throughout are those of the Administration, and he rarely ventures an independent judgment of disputed questions. The critics of Isthmian affairs are indiscriminately denounced in the chapter headed "stultiloquentia," wherein, as he says, he puts the carrion in the pillory. He skates over thin ice in the most graceful manner. For example, from the slight reference on page 337 to the making and cancellation of the Markel contract for catering to the employees no one would suspect that if it had not been for a prompt and vigorous protest the men would have had to pay for their board, according to Chief Engineer Stevens, a million dollars a year more than it should cost them.

The discussion of the engineering side of the question is very inadequate. Although he mentions the adoption by Congress of the plan for a lock canal at the 85-foot level, he devotes all his attention to the other and rejected schemes, and does not include a map of it. The great dam at Gatun, which is the crucial point of the plan now being followed, is twice referred to, but only to say that it is impracticable. That statement may be true, but so ardent a champion of the powers that be should at least have mentioned some of the reasons that made Secretary Taft and President Roosevelt think it is practicable. Yet it is ungrateful to criticise Mr. Johnson for what he did not say when he has crowded so much information in his 450 pages. For a work of such detail, covering a new field, it is—except when the author gets enthusiastic and eloquent—remarkably free from errors.

The Spirit of the Orient. By George William Knox. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50 net.

Amid the shoals of publications which pretend to appraise Asiatics, it is exhilarating to meet the work of a scholar who has made it his first aim to gain the right perspective, and then, by self-examination and sympathy, to utter truth concerning these people of other continents and inheritances. Dr. George William Knox lived long in Japan, studying especially the minds of the Japanese, as revealed in their literature, language, history, and present ambitions and attainments. After this he journeyed through China and India. Probably no other American has made so thorough a study of Confucianism, both in its Chinese development and, particularly, in its Japanese adaptations. Perhaps none has made such a qualitative analysis of Buddhism, especially that enormous modification of the faith, so called, under which Japan has been trained by action and reaction.

In the study of religion, Dr. Knox, knowing human nature well, puts difference between the height of religion as held by men capable of abstraction, who ponder upon the "changeless, timeless, limitless, indescribable, Ultimate and Absolute," and by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

average man, he to whom the struggle for existence as well as wife, children, parents, and self are very real things. Furthermore, the writer knows, as Burke has told us, that it is impossible to bring an indictment against a whole people. He therefore insists—and this seems to be the underlying thesis throughout his work—that fair judgment of Japanese, Chinese, Hindus, and other human beings on the great continent is to be made only by taking them as individuals. He will not have them all tarred with the same brush, but will know them only as good and bad, mean and noble, spiritual and gross.

Hence the charm of his book. It is one of the keenest in analysis, perhaps, of any book written on the Far East. He knocks to flinders the nonsense for which, among the unlearned, and we may add perhaps stupid, Kipling is responsible, that the Oriental and the Occidental are eternally separated. He notes how the British regiments in India come to church and chapel with their guns loaded, for the British conquerors take no risks. Yet Dr. Knox believes that there are ideals and a faith higher than any at present known in vision or attainment, and that it is possible to make of the nations of the earth one new man. Though he does not say it in so many words, he believes that we Westerners are to be as much influenced in every way by the Easterners as we are to influence them, and that our own religion, art, literature, customs, and theory of the universe are yet to suffer immense change. In other words, inquiring what gift the spirit of the East has to bestow upon the West, he answers, in effect: "We are already its debtors, but it has more to give, and we stand in need of the lesson which Asia can teach us." In the East the organism is supreme; in the West the individual. Although the spirit of the East has finished its course in Asia, it will introduce among us new elements into life and thought, while we shall teach the East the value of personality. In action and reaction shall be the powers of the world to come on this planet. He says: "Conquer the East by arms we cannot; we must depend upon truth, in science, in religion, and in commerce. Compel obedience we cannot; win agreement we must by the force of sympathy."

Dr. Knox's chapters show in detail the American and the Asiatic points of view, with concrete illustration. Then follow chapters on his experiences, or perhaps we should say his thoughts based on movement of body and mind in the three typical countries. His pages, so far from being heavy, are brightened with anecdotes and very modern instances. His concluding chapter, entitled. "The New World," was written since Japan showed her real spirit in collision with Russia. He believes that the Japanese are not likely to go to war again. As liberty is essential to progress, Japan made mighty sacrifices to secure liberty and truth, and her success has powerfully influenced India and China for good. He makes masterly answers to some of the foolish fears born of ignorance concerning peaceful China and progressive Japan. As in the Occident man has become at once scientific and free, enabling him to conquer both nature and himself, so the vision of this prophet takes in its ken a new East, with its stream of tendency unaltered, perhaps, but informed with the same potencies. This is a book for the wise, and not for the vulgar. It is well-illustrated, but without an index.

Applied Sociology: A Treatise on the Conscious Improvement of Society by Society. By Lester F. Ward. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.50.

As its title implies, this work is a companion or complementary volume to the author's "Pure Sociology," which was published three or four years ago. Both works are but the further development of the social philosophy outlined in earlier treatises, of which the first, "Dynamic Sociology," appeared in 1883. Readers of the current literature of sociology are so familiar with the doctrines associated with the name of Mr. Ward, that it will suffice in this place to call attention to the specific contribution which this latest volume makes to the author's sociological system.

Mr. Ward's "Pure Sociology" presented his analysis of society as it is; and his most important conclusion was that, while social structure develops slowly and is hard to modify, nevertheless few if any social institutions are incapable of modification. The one thing requisite is the discovery of appropriate means of accomplishing desired changes, and scientific study shows that these are usually, or even invariably, of an indirect character. "Applied Sociology" treats of the methods of accomplishing desirable modifications in social structure and organization. From the pure science of society it learns the history and true nature of the institutions which are to be changed, and then it aims to discover the best means of working their gradual transformation. It is, therefore, a scientific theory of progress.

Part I. of "Applied Sociology" treats of movement; Part II. of achievement, and Part III. of improvement. That intelligently directed effort can produce desirable social movement was Mr. Ward's principal contention in his "Dynamic Sociology," and in this part of the present volume he travels tolerably familiar ground. Under the head of achievement, he considers the conditions favorable to progress; and rejecting the "exceptional-man" theory, argues that the equalization of opportunity, which means the equalization of intelligence, is the chief desideratum. His discussion of improvement, therefore, is mainly a discussion of the diffusion and practical utilization of knowledge, upon which social amelioration chiefly depends. Here again he adds little to the doctrines of his previous works, but reinforces the argument with pertinent illustrations drawn from a variety of sources, chiefly the anthropological and sociological literature of the last two decades.

In assessing the value of it all, much depends upon one's attitude toward what passes current as the science of sociology. While exhibiting some of the characteristic defects of its class, Mr. Ward's work is always marked by vigorous thinking and seldom fails to prove interesting and suggestive. As a treatise upon social reform the present volume could be perused with profit by many an ardent reformer innocent of all acquaintance with sociological speculation. Mr. Ward's views upon scientific legislation do not have the suggestion of impossibility, the air of unreality, with which they probably impressed the average American reader when first presented in 1883. And his remarks about the true method of social reform will bear reproduction:

> With the idea of reform has always thus far been associated that of heat rather than light. Reforms are supposed to emanate from the red end of the social spectrum and to be the product of its thermic and not of its luminous rays.

Whatever may come of the effort to produce a single comprehensive science of society, there will always, we opine, be room for sane discussion, like the present volume, of the conditions and agencies of social progress.

Drama.

MODERN BOOK PLAYS.

One of the most characteristic as well as one of the most pernicious features of the present dramatic era is the prevalence of the book play, a theatrical phenomenon due partly to the enormous increase in the output and consumption of sensational fiction, but still more largely, in all probability, to the system of profuse advertisement practised by many publishers of the modern novel. That any written legend or tale, containing strong dramatic elements, should in time find its way to the footlights is, of course, only the fulfilment of its natural destiny. Everybody knows that Shakspere and other great Elizabethans, Molière and other moderns, never hesitated to appropriate the convenient plots of earlier or contemporary writers. But they used these only as a framework for their own dramatic structures, filling up the bare outlines with the riches of their own invention and imagination, vitalizing crude puppets by the infusion of divine fire, and thus transforming raw farce or melodrama into the high comedy or lofty tragedy of universal life. To-day the process is entirely different. The story selected for dramatization—and too frequently it is chosen on account of some moral or physical deformity, some aberration from what is sane or normal—is stripped, so to speak, to its bare bones and, robbed of whatever literary or other decorative attraction it may happen to have, is exposed in its unlovely nakedness for the gratification of depraved, stupid, or morbid tastes.

These remarks refer primarily to the "dramatization"—an essential but practically unavoidable misnomer—of the ephemeral novels of the last twenty years or so, though they might have a wider application. Plays founded upon books have been more or less common for nearly a century, but it is only recently that they have been coming in a flood. Many of them have been successful in a commercial sense, but speaking broadly, none of them has had any lasting value or artistic merit, except as regards the individual performance of some particular player. Probably not one would be included in any category of representative dramatic works. The innumerable pieces based upon the fiction of Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Reade, Marryat,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lytton, Ainsworth, and the rest are forgotten by all save the oldest playgoers. A few of the characters are associated with the memories of once popular performers; that is all. As literature and drama the plays themselves had little or no significance, though many of them afforded good and wholesome entertainment.

So much cannot truthfully be said of the great majority of the modern book-plays, which are seldom healthful or legitimately amusing. But the object of this article is not so much to consider their moral effect as the evil influence which they exert upon the theatre itself. They offer to managers a means of escape from their higher responsibilities; they encourage the breed of hack scribblers and mere theatrical tinkers, and destroy the field of the professional dramatist. *In former times the manager* of a first-class theatre in search of fresh attractions had to depend, to a considerable extent, upon his own judgment in the choice of the plays submitted to him by rival playwrights, and was a fairly capable judge of their literary or dramatic quality. The system of long runs had not then been organized, and he was frequently in the market for new pieces. Authors, well established in public repute, found it worth their while to write them, although the remuneration was much smaller then than it is now. But the average manager of the present is neither inclined nor competent to deal with original stage matter. He must have something on which the stamp of public success has already been put. Hence, the active demand for translations of successful foreign plays or adaptations of novels whose titles, if not on everybody's lips, are at least to be found in large type, with the usual trade certificates, in the newspapers and magazines. It is in this way that the prevailing methods of literary advertisement have reacted upon the policy of the stage. Commercial managers were prompt to discern the advantage to a play of a title which had been kept for weeks or months before the public eye at a cost of tens of thousands of dollars paid by somebody else. They foresaw that a large proportion of the persons who had read or heard of the book would be attracted to the theatre by motives of mere curiosity. Thus was created the demand for the book-play, and the industry has been growing, like a rank weed, ever since. The managers found it profitable for various reasons. In the first place, the risk of absolute failure was greatly decreased by the fact that the play, whether well or badly made, or brilliantly or indifferently acted, was assured of a certain amount of patronage; and, secondly, the work of a professional adapter was less costly than that of an original author.

The managerial policy of clinging to adaptations or translations has necessarily been a great discouragement to such competent dramatists as might, under other conditions, have been willing to write for the stage. As for the smaller men, willing to do hack work, they naturally have not been averse to having their plots found for them, but few of them have manifested either the instinct or the skill necessary to actual dramatization. As a rule their sole aim has been to reproduce whatever was most strange, unnatural, extravagant, or startling in the original story, without reference to the qualifying or explanatory conditions of the written page, which might create the semblance of veracity or plausibility. No small part of the discredit among sensible men and women into which the theatre has fallen of late must be attributed to these uncouth bits of patchwork, which often are as unjust to the original creator as they are offensive to common intelligence. They are among the most flagrant products of the commercialism which now dominates the theatre, and the most dangerous symptons of a progressive decadence.

Inasmuch as it is clearly impossible to compress a book into a play—there is no reference here to the use of some salient phase of a story for theatrical purposes, which is another affair altogether—without discarding most of its literary quality, it is plain that its true character is not necessarily indicated in any stage version. Thus it comes to pass that genius often lies at the mercy of audacious mediocrity. The most recent example of this is to be found in the cruel parody of Victor Hugo's wonderful work, "Les Misérables," recently produced in the Manhattan Theatre. In this case an actor of very ordinary calibre has converted a masterpiece into clumsy and tawdry melodrama, in order to provide himself with a prominent part and catch the crowd with cheap claptrap. The task which he attempted was, of course, impossible, but that does not alter the case, so far as Hugo or the stage is concerned. It is pleasant to note that a good many book plays have failed badly during the last few months, and that the most notable successes of the season have been won by pieces conceived and written for the stage and the stage only.

"THE DOUBLE LIFE."

"The Double Life," by Rinehart Roberts, presented in the Bijou Theatre on Monday evening, is a play founded upon a novel, though not entirely new, dramatic theme, which contains an interesting story and is animated by a definite purpose—three excellent qualifications. But unfortunately the play is much less skilful in construction than it is ingenious in conception. Its chief importance, perhaps, lies in the fact that it permits Henri de Vries to strengthen the high estimate of his abilities based upon "A Case of Arson." In that clever little sketch he availed himself liberally of the arts of theatrical disguise; in this instance he scarcely uses them at all, exhibiting his versatility in the depiction of character in a much more delicate and subtle way. The play purports to be a psychological study, but the problem involved is one of pure physiology. A young man, refined, prosperous, and eager, on the eve of his wedding starts on a long journey and is shot by outlaws in a desolate region. He recovers from the wound, but his memory is a perfect blank. He becomes a mine boss, in the course of the next twenty-five years, marries, and is a pattern husband and father. Then a sudden shock—the discovery, as he thinks, of his idolized daughter's shame—restores the recollection of his earlier, while destroying that of his intermediate, existence. His wife and child are strangers to him and his present condition a frightful puzzle. He is like a man in a waking nightmare. Ignoring for the moment all questions of probability or pathology it is plain that these different phases of a single life demand, for a successful portrayal, great powers of intuition, discrimination, and interpretation. The actor has to assume the buoyancy and energy of cultivated youth; the rough virility of a shrewd but ignorant miner, and the chaotic distress of one suddenly awaking from a long trance to find himself robbed of the best part of his life and left in a state of pitiable isolation. Mr. de Vries played all these parts, if not with absolute success, at least with extraordinary comprehension, infinite variety of minute and appropriate detail, and with wonderful naturalness, maintaining the external identity, and marking the intellectual and social differences with veracity and assured skill, although hampered by a strange tongue which he still speaks with difficulty. To the connoisseur of highly finished acting, his performance was a continuous pleasure. The way in which he suited pose, gesture, voice, and manner to conditions, the appropriateness of every look, tone, and movement, the perfect control of facial expression, the complete absence of exaggeration or any mere straining after effect, marked the trained artificer and the born player. Better acting in domestic drama could not reasonably be asked for.

The latest book of Prof. Gregor Sarrazin, "Aus Shakespeares Meisterwerkstatt" (Berlin: Georg Reimer), exhibits the same qualities that have distinguished his previous work, namely, learning, ingenuity, and copiousness of ideas, but we fear we must add a radically unsound judgment. What are we to think of a critic who cites a couple of allusions to snow and ice in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" as a proof that that play was written in the winter? We believe, however, that the palm for fantastic criticism will have to be awarded to Prof. Sarrazin's identification of the characters in the "Henry IV." plays with various contemporaries of Shakspere. According to this scheme, which the author proposes with an enthusiasm commensurate with its ingenuity, Falstaff is George Peele, Pistol is Marston, and Prince Hal is the Earl of Southampton. The book, indeed, is a perfect mine of wild suggestion. Nevertheless, the author has mastered the critical literature relating to the plays with which he deals, viz., those of Shakspere's earlier periods down to "Hamlet" (inclusive), and he discusses these plays from practically every point of view except that of characterization, so that the reader who is duly endowed with the spirit of skepticism may extract from the volume a great deal of interest and something of profit.

The Early English Drama Society is prepared to publish a second series of seventy plays belonging to the Bacon-Shaksperian period.

An Ibsen association has been organized by the admirers of the great dramatist in the Rhenish province of Prussia, the purpose of which is to study his writings and to reproduce them on the stage. Beginning with the new year regular *Mitteilungen* are to be published, and in Düsseldorf Ibsen plays will be given.

Otho Stuart seems to have abandoned his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

notion of making the London Adelphi Theatre the home of the higher drama. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will soon give way to Hall Caine's "The Bondsman" and "The Prodigal Son."

Music.

English Music. Lectures given at the Music Loan Exhibition. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25 net.

Tchaikovsky. By Edwin Evans. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

One of the most interesting illustrations of the theory of evolution and the survival of the fittest may be found in art museums that have collections of old and obsolete forms of musical instruments. Many of these are as grotesque as the alleged simian ancestors or relatives of man, and apparently about as musical. Two years ago an exceptionally varied collection of what may be called ancestral instruments was put on exhibition by the Worshipful Company of Musicians, which is one of the ancient guilds of the City of London, with a history tracing back to the times of the minstrels. A special feature of the exhibition was a series of seventeen lectures, covering nearly every side of vocal and instrumental art, and designed to explain the development of music and musical instruments during the last three centuries. These lectures seemed altogether too valuable to serve a merely temporary purpose, and they have therefore been printed in a volume, together with 115 illustrations, depicting some of the most interesting of the exhibits —manuscripts, autograph scores, and portraits, as well as instruments.

To the student of English music this book is indispensable. The writers who have contributed to it, and all but five of whom are members of the Musicians' Company, are T. L. Southgate, W. H. Cummings, Henry Watson, E. Markham Lee, J. Finn, Frederick Bridge, Algernon S. Rose, A. H. D. Prendergast, F. J. Sawyer, G. F. Huntley, D. J. Blaikley, F. W. Galpin, W. W. Cobbett, J. E. Borland, A. H. Littleton, and Ernest Clarke. The year 1604 is taken as the starting point, and Sir Frederick Bridge cites Erasmus, who wrote in that year that England had the most handsome women, kept the best tables, and was most cultivated in music of all people in the world—not a mean compliment, inasmuch as there were on the Continent at that time such noted musicians as Peri, composer of the first opera; Carissimi, "whose works were so very useful to our dear old Handel when he was pressed for time," and Monteverdi, who asked his orchestral players to do such difficult things that they went on a strike. Mr. Southgate gives an exceptionally clear account of the evolution of the pianoforte from the dulcimer of the ancient Assyrians, and the mediæval clavichord and harpsichord. He explains the origin of the name *pianoforte*, and expresses the opinion that some of the shapely and fanciful English music of the seventeenth century is still worth hearing. Believing that the great charm of the pianoforte is its evanescent tone, he does not think it is desirable to foster devices for giving it greater sustaining power—a point on which most musicians will disagree with him. Dr. Cummings discourses on old English songs, Dr. Watson on early English viols. A specifically English branch is discussed by Dr. Lee, in a lecture on madrigals, rounds, catches, glees, and part-songs. There are chapters on instruments of the flute family, on dances of bygone days, masques and early operas, ancient and modern organs, brass-wind instruments, early printed music, English opera after Purcell down to Sullivan and Stanford, etc., making up together an exceptionally valuable contribution to musical literature.

Books on Tchaikovsky are multiplying. It is easy to write them now since Mrs. Newmarch has issued her admirable translation of the elaborate and exhaustive life and letters of the great Russian composer by his brother Modest, published by the John Lane Co. Mr. Evans's monograph is, of course, based on that, yet not so exclusively as to make one question its *raison d'être.* Inasmuch as Tchaikovsky is known in England—everywhere, in fact, except in Russia —chiefly by his instrumental works, especial attention is paid to these, although the songs and the operas are not overlooked. The author refers to the fact that Tchaikovsky's operas are at times aggressively national, but this does not explain why they are neglected outside of Russia. It is their national coloring that gives his orchestral works one of their chief charms. At the same time, it is odd that two other popular and esteemed orchestral writers of his time—Dvorák and Saint-Saëns—have composed a number of operas which, popular at home, have not been acclimated in other countries. A valuable feature of Mr. Evans's book is a chronological table of Tchaikovsky's compositions. One wonders at the author's peculiar logic which led him to give elaborate analyses of the first four (and comparatively inferior) symphonies and then dispose of the immortal fifth and sixth in a few paragraphs because they are played so often and "every concert-goer necessarily has a programme containing the fullest analytical notes." Did he write this volume for Londoners only?

Both of the rival opera houses gave performances last week of Verdi's "Aïda." At the Metropolitan Mr. Conried had the incomparable Caruso in the rôle of Radames, while at the Manhattan Mr. Hammerstein brought forward Mr. Bassi, a tenor new to local audiences, but one endowed with a splendid voice which thrills like a trumpet in the high notes. Chorus and ensemble were much the better at the Manhattan, thanks to the really wonderful musicianship of Cleofonte Campanini, who has demonstrated to astonished audiences that the orchestral conductor really plays almost as important a rôle in a Verdi opera as in a Wagner music drama. Another notable event at the Manhattan was the first appearance as Escamillo in "Carmen" of M. Renaud, who is not only a fine singer but an actor of the first rank—the equal, in his line, of Campanini. Mme. Melba will reappear at this house next week. At the Metropolitan the next revival is to be Delibes's "Lakmé," to-morrow night, with Mme. Sembrich as the heroine.

Of recent concerts two call for attention. The Russian Symphony Orchestra brought forward one of the most gifted of the younger Moscow composers and pianists, Alexander Scriabine. He played his own concerto and some short pieces, proving himself a player of good technique and correct musical instincts. As a composer he suggests the influence of Chopin rather than of the nationalists of his country. He will be heard in a special recital of his compositions at Mendelssohn Hall on January 3. He is, like another pianist now giving concerts in this country—Lhévinne—a pupil of Safonoff. This "high-pressure conductor" (an enemy called him that and he accepted it as a great compliment) made a sensation at the last Philharmonic concert by an interpretation of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture which stirred even the staid and dignified afternoon audience to almost unprecedented demonstrations of delight. The climax at the end, where Wagner engulfs the worldly element in a mighty vortex of sacred sound (the Pilgrims' Chorus), was overwhelming. The effect was due partly to his bringing out the inner melody in this outburst of brass —an effect first secured by Nikisch and promptly adopted by Seidl and other great Wagnerian leaders.

It is definitely announced that Madame Nordica will not sing in opera here this season. Her only New York appearance is at Carnegie Hall, January 8, with the assistance of the New York Philharmonic Society. She will also be heard at the Twenty-third Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, December 29, with the assistance of Fagnani, the baritone; Dethier, violinist; Charles Anthony, the Boston pianist; the Twenty-third Regiment Band, and a large chorus. The "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be given.

Reginald de Koven's romantic opera, "The Student King," with Miss Lina Abarbanell in the principal part, will be sung for the first time in this city on Christmas night at the Garden Theatre.

Art.

THE WINTER ACADEMY.

There is an especial interest in the exhibition of the National Academy of Design now open at No. 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, in that it is the first exhibition held by that body since its union with the Society of American Artists, and the consequent changes in its constitution and in its methods of selection. Certainly the change has infused new vitality into the Academy, and it was the almost universal opinion of artists and laymen at the Varnishing Day and the Opening Reception that this is the best exhibition held by the Academy in many years. There is an air of life and vigor and freshness about it that is rare anywhere in the world, and the level of technical achievement is remarkably high. It is an exhibition to which one might take an intelligent foreigner with the assurance that it not unfairly represents the promise of the American school of painting, and the foreigner would probably admire it more than we do, and find in it evidences of spontaneity and a national point of view that escape our accustomed eyes. Yet it is an exhibition held at an unfavorable season, when the year's work

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the artists is yet uncompleted—an exhibition from which an unusual number of our best men are, for one or another reason, absent. No change in organization or machinery can bring together work that does not exist, and there are no revelations of unfamiliar talent; but either because the new methods have resulted in better selection and more intelligent display of work submitted, or because these methods have inspired a confidence that has resulted in the submission of better work, there can be no doubt that the artists present are seen pretty nearly at their best. A good deal of the effect is certainly due to the intelligent efforts of the Hanging Committee, which has performed its task to admiration.

That an American school of painting, with characteristics of its own, is disengaging and affirming itself, there can no longer be any doubt. The imitation of this or that foreign school or master is less and less apparent and technical fads and movements are of decreasing importance. The work shown is not only eminently vigorous, but is eminently sane. The excesses of Impressionism, for instance, are already of the past. Almost the only work in the exhibition which shows the Impressionist influence in a noticeable degree is that of Childe Hassam, and Mr. Hassam has profoundly modified the Impressionist method, has bent it to new ends and to the expression of a new personality, so that his production is essentially original as it is essentially artistic. There is nothing in him of Monet's temper of scientific demonstration—it is beauty he is after, a new beauty revealed in a new way—not a theory of light. His "Little June Idylle" is delicious, alive with the shimmer of sunlight and the tremble of leaves, as modern as Monet, yet as poetic, as classic, as Corot. The tradition of Whistler and Monet is visible in the work of Robert Henri and of a few others, but here again the tradition has been modified, and Mr. Henri, in particular, has an unmistakable personality of his own, rude at times, but vigorous and capable on occasion of subtlety, as in the "Girl in the Fur Cape." The methods of the modern Dutch school are reflected here and there, and other evidences indicate that our painters are still willing to take lessons where they can find them; but the most notable pictures are of native inspiration, and can be attached to no foreign school. Take, as examples, Winslow Homer's "Gulf Stream" and George De Forest Brush's "Mother and Child"—both, one is happy to say, the property of public museums; Mr. Brush's picture being lent by the Corcoran Gallery, while the Metropolitan Museum has done itself honor in accepting the suggestion of the Academy Jury and purchasing Mr. Homer's, the first American picture to be bought by the Wolf fund. "The Gulf Stream" is, in spite of evident crudities, a masterpiece of extraordinary power; perhaps the greatest work of our most original painter. The "Mother and Child" is one of the richest and most sober productions of a master of elevated style. Neither of them could conceivably have been produced in any other country than this or by any other than its author.

There are still sketches and studies and notes to be found in this as in all our exhibitions, but they are no longer, even numerically, in the ascendant. Everywhere there are evidences that our artists are ready to produce real pictures, conceived, designed, and composed; that the qualities of thoroughness of design and power of color which mark the two great canvases just mentioned are to be the characteristics of the American school of the future. As instances, in figure and landscape painting, take two of the newer comers to our exhibitions, men of only a few years' standing, but already Associates of the Academy, Hugo Ballin and Paul Dougherty. Mr. Ballin's "Sibylla Europa" is not altogether the best picture he has painted, but it shows clearly his preoccupation with decorative beauty, with balance of mass and flow of line, with fulness and variety of color. Mr. Dougherty's picture, "Land and Sea," is, on the other hand, the strongest thing he has yet shown. There is a surge and rush and weight to his waves that is exhilarating, as is the quality of fresh and independent observation of nature; but there is present also a grandeur of design and a deep-chorded harmony of color which is the result of conscious art. If there is a thought too much insistence upon yellow as the dominant note, it is almost the only fault in what is a work not of promise but of achievement.

There are scores of pictures in the exhibition that it would be a pleasure to praise, but I am trying rather to note tendencies and to find general significance than to award credit for individual performance. There is little sculpture shown, the most important of that little being the small animal groups of F. G. R. Roth. This paucity of interesting works of sculpture in our exhibitions is one of the most regrettable results of that lack of adequate gallery space which is the greatest problem before the Academy. Let it be understood that the desire for greater exhibitions does not mean a desire to exhibit work of inferior quality now refused. It means a desire to exhibit together and at once the work of high quality now exhibited at different times and places or not exhibited at all. Here is an exhibition of unusually high quality which quite fills the available wall space of the only public galleries we have, yet it is quite certain that an exhibition as good or better, as large or larger, will fill these same rooms three months from now. Add to these two exhibitions that which is annually held by the Ten American Painters, and the numerous private exhibitions held at this or that dealer's gallery, and you have, in oil paintings alone, an annual output of acceptable work, which no jury would think of refusing, sufficient to thrice fill the Fine Arts Galleries. Add to this again the watercolor exhibitions, the exhibition of the Architectural League, the work in sculpture and in black and white which is rarely exhibited at all, and you would have something which might be called an American Salon—a great exhibition which should really represent American art and would end by attracting foreign artists also. When are we to have it? The artists, in composing their differences and in forming one organization which really represents American painting and sculpture and will in time include the best architects and original engravers also, have done their part. They are not business men, and it is not to be wished that they should stop producing works of art and give their time to providing facilities for showing them. This is the work of the state, the city, the public, and the patrons. There is little hope that the state or the city will perform it. Will not the enlightened patrons of art take it up?

KENYON COX.

The winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design opened to the public on Saturday. There are 355 paintings and sixteen pieces of sculpture. Of the pictures, only about 150 are by members. The Carnegie prize of $500 has been awarded the "Misty Night," by Ben Foster, a low-toned landscape that takes in a wide range of river and hills. The Proctor prize has been awarded to a portrait of a child, "Dorothy B.," by William T. Smedley. The exhibition will remain open through January 19.

Versailles and the Trianons. By Pierre de Nolhac. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

The director of the Versailles museum writes with affection on a subject which one would hardly have supposed likely to arouse much enthusiasm. He realizes that it has been the practice for almost a hundred years to speak of the symmetry of the Versailles palace as unnatural and of the stateliness of its park as passing beyond elegance into monotony and stiffness; and without attempting to revive a dead taste he manages to persuade us of the advantages, to students of history and of art, of possessing so complete a type of qualities which, after all, made a great epoch. He regards the grounds, buildings, and interior decorations of the old residence town as forming a total effect which may be termed Versailles art, and of this he remarks:

> It is now recognized that the building, as a whole, as well as the details that adorn it, show all the merits of balance, proportion, and dignity. It is of course allowable to prefer other qualities to these; it may be thought that they tend to hold creative imagination in check; but it is a fact that they represent the essential characteristics of French art.

M. de Nolhac indicates, in a large and poetic description, how much artistic stimulus the place contains and will increasingly disengage as "the art of Versailles" recedes into a softened perspective.

The illustrations, by René Binet, were evidently intended to heighten whatever of glamour and mystery lurks in the formal avenues of Versailles, and as the place is not really a congenial abode of this shy nymph, and the pictures are excessively vague in outline and audacious in coloring, the result is far from truthful. It is a pity that no credit is given to the painstaking and able translator.

An exhibition of oil paintings and watercolors by Jonas Lie is open at the New Gallery, No. 15 West Thirtieth Street, till January 5. Many of these pictures, fruit of a visit to Norway, Mr. Lie's birthplace, give proof that he is fulfilling the extraordinary promise of his earlier work. Mr. Lie is an artist of unusual force and individuality, who expresses a striking and somewhat sombre feeling for nature in terms of actual and keenly noted appearances. He has not yet, we hope, equipped himself with all the technical assurance of which he is capable. There are still traces in this work of handling which is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not expressive, of brush strokes which suggest no conformation in the scene, of paint that suggests the color of itself rather than of anything else. But where he succeeds he succeeds with something very like genius. His composition shows that he has the eye to see his subject detached from the confusion of insignificant detail, and to present it as a singularly vivid and unified impression. His vigorous treatment of detail, on the other hand, shows that the breadth of his arrangements is obtained by no over-simplification.

Collections of Dutch and French pictures are on view at Oehme's Galleries and Tooth's, in this city. At Oehme's there are, among other paintings, work by Israels, Blommers, J. H. van Mastenbrock, Evariste Pieters, Mauve, Weissenbruch, Theophile De Bock, Harpignies, Dupré, Diaz, Daubigny, Corot, Henner, Roybet, and Ziem; at Tooth's, by Jacob Maris, Weissenbruch, De Bock, Thaulow, Joseph Bail, Ziem, Harpignies, and Gérôme.

The modern Germain paintings which are to be exhibited at the Albright Gallery in Buffalo will include works by Franz von Stuck, Heinrich Zugel, Hans von Bartels, Gotthard Kuehl, Thoma, Bracht, Truebuer, Leistikow, Schonleber, Herrmann, Lepsius, Von Kardorff, Skabina, Adolf von Menzel, Wilhelm Leibl, Max Koner, and Franz von Lenbach.

The annual convention of the American Institute of Architects is to be held at Washington on January 7, 8, and 9. The custom of presenting a gold medal of honor will be begun. The recipient next month will be Sir Aston Webb, the English architect.

The works of the Society of Western Artists, now on view in the Art Institute, Chicago, will be taken to St. Louis, Indianapolis, and Cincinnati at the close of the present exhibition.

The annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy will open on February 4, a month earlier than usual.

The Munich artists of the "Secession" hold a winter meeting from December 28 to February 3.

The various art purchases and "commandes" of the French Government for 1906 are now on exhibition at the Paris École des Beaux-Arts. There are in all 381 numbers—pictures in oils, water-color, and other drawings, engravings, and sculpture. The sculpture includes three works by Rodin—his "Bellone," and busts of Berthelot and Falguière.

A bequest of twenty-seven pictures by Italian masters has recently been made to the National Gallery, England, by Miss Lucy Cohen. The collection includes examples by Sandro Botticelli, Lorenzo Costa, Pietro Pallajuolo, Bronzino, Francesco Zuccarelli, Bernardino Luini, Alessandro Bonvicino, better known as "Il Morretto", Giovanni Battista Moroni, Antonella da Messina, Girolamo Romanino, Paris Bordone, Francesco Guardi, Giovanni Tiepolo, Jacopo Marieschi, Enrico Fiammingo, Annibale Carracci, Benedetto Gennari, Salvatore Rosa, and Bonifazio Veronese.

At Christie's auction rooms in London on December 8, the following pictures were sold: J. C. Cazin, Stacks and Sheaves, £430; J. Israels, Study, £126; J. L. E. Meissonier, Charles I. on Horseback, £378; F. Roybet, The Cavalier in Green, £262.

On Friday and Saturday of this week C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston offer at auction some mezzotints, etchings, and engravings from two private collections. Among the mezzotints are flower and fruit pieces by Earldom after Van Huysum; portraits by Valentine Green, Joshua Reynolds, Haid, Houston, and Watson; and Savage's own portfolio of proof mezzotints, including the rare full-length portrait of Washington, 1801, the Washington Family, Thomas Jefferson, Eruption of Mt. Etna, Landing of Columbus, also an unfinished pencil drawing. Among the line engravings are proofs by Edward Mandel, Bartolozzi, Toschi, Mercuri, Van Dyck, and Caroline Watson; there are copper plates by Dürer, Rembrandt, Holler, and Lucan van Leyden. The Washington portraits include the pair of mezzotints of George and Lady Washington by Charles Wilson Peale, the mezzotint by Hamlin, and the Doolittle portrait. There are also many pictures for extra illustrating.

Science.

The Bird; Its Form and Function. By C. William Beebe. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50 net.

It is no small compliment to Mr. Beebe's book to say that among American works it invites comparison only with Part II. (General Ornithology, pp. 59-221) of the late Dr. Coues's classic "Key to North American Birds." This section of the "Key," however, has been published separately only in England, and the present volume is, therefore, the first in this country to be devoted wholly to a study of the relations existing between a bird's structure and its habits. The author emphasizes the difference between the physical and the mental life of the bird, and here restricts himself to a consideration of the former. "Ancestors," "Feathers," "Framework of the Bird," "Organs of Nutrition," "Muscles and Nerves," "Senses," "Beaks and Bills," "Heads and Necks," "Wings," "Feet and Legs," and "Tails," are among the chapter headings.

The book appears opportunely. Bird collecting, until recently the chief, if not only, outlet of ornithological endeavor, is now commonly discouraged, unless it be pursued with a definite object. Biographical studies which will add to our existing information of the habits of the more readily observed birds, require continuity of effort possible to but few; but an investigator with limited opportunity for field work may take up one of the many problems presented by the external or internal anatomy of birds and with a small number of dead or living specimens make acceptable contributions to the science of ornithology. Feathers, their structure, growth and molt, the nature of their pigmentation, the influence on their color of controlled conditions of food, temperature, or moisture; the skeletal, muscular, visceral, and psychical system of the bird; the bird in the egg and the earlier stages of its physical and mental development—all these offer an inviting field not alone to the professional, but to the amateur with no time for out-door studies.

In promoting work of this kind, Mr. Beebe's book should exert a wide influence. While, of necessity, it is in part a compilation, it contains much original matter. As curator of birds in the New York Zoological Park he has had an opportunity to study intimately many species of birds under what are, for a zoölogical garden, exceptionally favorable conditions. Thus, with the assurance born of personal observation he can state well-known facts as well as present the results of important experiments. The discovery, for example, that the subjection of a bird to moisture-laden air through only two molts will materially change the color of its plumage, has a wide bearing on the general subject of the relation between color and climate.

So many of the 370 odd illustrations were made by the author from living birds, either in nature or in captivity, that they constitute an actual addition to our sources of information. While, from the nature of the case, they do not all reach the standard of technical excellence set by the best, they are far more effective and convincing than drawings of the same subjects.

Mr. Beebe's style is in itself pictorial; but in clothing his facts with "living interest," as he says in his preface, he occasionally passes the boundary line between warrantable deduction and pure fancy, as in the attempt to explain the diversity of habit among warblers (pp. 362-366). In the main, however, he holds the rein more tightly, and accomplishes his expressed intent to capture the attention of the layman while winning the approval of the professional. Considering the wide field covered, actual errors are infrequent. We note the following: The autumn molt of the male scarlet tanager gives him not the entire, but only the body plumage of the female, the wings and tail being black as in the spring; the wearing away of the brown edges of the snow-bunting's feathers is not postponed until "the spring in their Northern home," but begins in the autumn; the bobolink does not become black and buff by a loss of the brown tips of the autumnal "female dress," but the bird undergoes a complete molt in the spring, in which the black feathers, at first yellow-fringed, are acquired; the adult sooty tern has no "transverse lines of white across the back" to "totally destroy the symmetry of form."

The book is carefully printed, and there are but few typographical slips. The use, however, of extremely heavy, highly glazed, clay-coated paper adds unnecessarily to the weight of the volume, and detracts from the ease with which it is read.

We cannot close this review without congratulating the New York Zoölogical Society on the possession of a curator who is more than a keeper of animals. Zoölogical gardens are so frequently considered as merely collections of animals to be looked at through bars or in paddocks, that it is a satisfaction to learn of one in which original research is encouraged.

In the "Immediate Care of the Injured" (W. B. Saunders Company), Dr. A. S. Morrow hopes to be useful to physicians, nurses, and the laity, but he fails to preserve a just balance of the requirements of these

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classes of readers. About a third of the book is given to a description of the parts of the body and their functions. This is perhaps as well done as the space permits, but the beginner will hardly realize that a large part of the liver is gone from fig. 31 unless he compare it very carefully with a previous picture. In the matter of accidents and other emergencies the advice is for the most part good, and is clarified by numerous illustrations of the pathology as well as the methods of treatment. The ordinary "emerger" or "first aider," already tempted to do almost too much, will hardly learn the use of the hypodermic syringe from the text and figure (p. 161), and if she apply the blanket according to the picture (p. 210), she will probably smother the patient as well as the fire. The section on the transportation of the injured is excellent.

Two Arctic explorers now in the far North have the same object in view. They are A. H. Harrison, an Englishman, and Eric Mikkelsen, a Dane. Both are seeking to discover, by sledging from Banks Land, west or northwest, whether there is land in the unknown seas to the north of the western part of the American continent. According to a report received by the Royal Geographical Society, Harrison reached Banks Land last July, but was forced to abandon his plan to spend this winter there because the captains of the whaling ships he met could not give him the provisions he asked. He is, therefore, again wintering at the mouth of the Mackenzie, and will not be able to undertake his exploring trip to the west until February, 1908. Meanwhile, Mr. Harrison has made some valuable observations of the polar drift. He concludes that there is a northeasterly current from Point Barrow, which, meeting north of Herschel Island the waters of the Mackenzie, is turned in a west-north-west direction corresponding to the drift of the Jeanette and the Fram. Mikkelsen, who has his own ship, the Duchess of Bedford, has reported from Point Barrow under date of August 18, complaining bitterly of the abnormal summer, which brought nothing but winds and currents straight from the North, with extraordinarily heavy coast ice. His scientific companion, Detlevsen, he lost because of sickness. Naturally, Mikkelsen despaired of reaching Banks Land this year.

At the American Museum of Natural History in this city the busts of prominent scientists, presented to the museum by Morris K. Jesup will be unveiled on Saturday afternoon. J. Pierpont Morgan, vice-president of the museum, will preside at the exercises. Dr. Hermon C. Bumpus, the director, will make the presentation on behalf of Mr. Jesup. Joseph H. Choate will accept the gift; and brief memorial addresses on the work of the scientists will be made as follows: Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia on Benjamin Franklin; Baron Speck von Sternburg on Alexander von Humbolt (read by Count Hatzfeldt); Dr. C. Hart Merriam on James Audubon; Dr. Nathaniel L. Britton on John Torrey; Dr. Robert S. Woodward on Joseph Henry; the Rev. Edward Everett Hale on Prof. Louis Agassiz; Dr. Arthur Twining Hadley on James Dwig. Dana; Dr. Hugh M. Smith on Spencer Fullerton Baird; Dr. William Keith Broo[illegible]s of Johns Hopkins University on Joseph Leidy; and Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn on Edward Drinker Cope.

The next International Agricultural Congress has been called to meet in Vienna, May 21 to 25. It is the eighth convention of the kind, the first having been held in Paris in connection with the exposition of 1889.

An international exhibition of scientific and technical journals is to be held in May of the coming year in Copenhagen under the auspices of the Danish Society for Technical Journalism.

The death is announced of Ernst Pfitzer, for thirty years professor of botany at Heidelberg. Among his works are "Beiträge zur Kenntnis der Hautgewebe," "Grundzüge einer vergleichenden Morphologie der Orchideen," "Über die Geschwindigkeit der Wasserbewegung in der Pflanze," and "Verfahren zur Konservierung von Blüten und zarten Pflanzen."

Finance.

END-OF-THE-YEAR MARKETS.

People who watch Wall Street, without the benefit of personal experience in its vicissitudes, must have been impressed this season by the constant prediction that, whatever happened before the last weeks of December, financial markets would then have a dangerous bridge to cross. With this prediction, moreover, was always coupled the further assurance that, the "turn of the year" once made, there need be no further cause for disquiet. In Wall Street vernacular, "December stringency" would normally be followed by "January ease."

This double phenomenon has become so familiar to financial markets that people seldom stop to ask the reason for it; yet the question is worth considering. Why should the money market, and with it the market for securities, be subject to violent disturbance in the last days of a year, and promptly emerge from trouble as the new year opens? The calendar year is not in reality the financial year; that may be said to begin in the spring, when new crops have been planted and the fundamental influence in the industrial fortunes of a dozen nations can for the first time be measured. In December, the conditions underlying a year's prosperity or adversity are familiar to every one, and in January, nothing more can be known than in December. Yet of the general truth of the financial tradition regarding these two months, there is no doubt whatever.

To take only a few typical instances: It was at the end of December, 1893, when markets had for three months been recovering from the midsummer panic, that the strain on corporation credit reached the breaking point, and two great railways went into bankruptcy. In 1899, the "Boer war panic" had passed away before November; yet it was just before the opening of December that the Bank of England rate went up to 6 per cent.; and it was in the last days of December that Wall Street witnessed a Stock Exchange panic and a 186 per cent. rate for money. There had been trouble in Wall Street in October, 1902; it had blown over; but in the latter part of December, disturbance again became so grave that the banks had to announce publicly that if necessary, they would advance $50,000,000 to avert a panic. The last days of December, 1905, were marked by the famous 125 per cent. call money rate.

Nevertheless, each of these incidents was followed by a tranquil January. The year 1894 opened with easy money and a surplus bank reserve rising to the largest recorded figures; money rates promptly fell to 4 per cent., and the bank surplus rose to $29,000,000. Almost exactly the same result was witnessed in January, 1900, in January, 1903, and in January, 1906. This is the basis for such confidence as exists that the violently unsettled markets of last week and this week, with their repeated collapse on the Stock Exchange, their 8 and 10 per cent. rates for time loans, their charge of 10 to 14 per cent. for advance of money on American stocks at London, will lead to a calm and unruffled market when we get into 1907.

What is the explanation of this abnormal strain at the end of a calendar year, so suddenly relaxed? The first and most obvious cause is the so-called "coupon payments" of January 1. It is estimated that on or about that date there are paid to holders of American corporation stocks or bonds, in dividends or interest, not less than $150,000,000. This capital, it is true, is in the market before the day of payment as well as after; but it is present in a different way. Banks or trust companies, holding this enormous sum in the last weeks of December, can indeed lend it out; but they can lend it only temporarily. By December 31, they must have it back again. The borrower who relies on loans thus conditioned may presently find his position most precarious. Theoretically, all this $150,000,000 might be recalled at one moment from outstanding loans—which, in a highly speculative market, might mean disaster. As a matter of fact, part of it is not loaned out at all in the last week of the year, and efforts are made to replace what is recalled, about the 31st, by money procured from banks of other cities where the "coupon disbursements" are not so important a factor. But even these mitigating arrangements mean tightening money rates and reduction in the normal supply of capital. Once this huge fund is, however, distributed to its proper beneficiaries, it flows back unconditioned to the depository institutions, where it is loaned out again in the routine way. Hence, the quick relief of January.

Much the same state of things occurs at the other "semi-annual coupon day," July 1. But a summer market is something different from the market around the close of the year. At the end of June the crops have not been harvested; trade is dull throughout the interior of the country, and New York has little difficulty in borrowing all it needs from inland banks. The January payments fall at a time when harvests are all in, when the farm communities and the cities which supply their needs are doing the heaviest business of the year, when every one, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is spending money and drawing on his bank deposit to get the money to spend. Wholly apart from the needs of speculative Wall Street, therefore, demand for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capital is at high notch for the year.

Added to this, and by no means a negligible influence, is a process for which the London market has invented the name of "window-dressing." This means that certain financial institutions, which have to report their sworn condition to the Government on December 31, call in their loans before that date to reduce their liabilities in the statement, and sometimes draw out in cash their balances in some larger institution, to add to their own reserve. This pressure, too, is bound to relax automatically after January 1.

The question of the present moment is, how far rule and precedent are to be relied on in looking for financial comfort next month. A rather manifest decrease in the confidence of predictions to that effect has been witnessed during the past few weeks, and for this, apparently, the cause has been the heaping-up of obligations which, though their settlement has been deferred until next month, must be positively settled then. We have heavy repayments of this sort to make a few weeks hence to Europe; others must be made to the Treasury. Along with this has arisen some doubt as to whether interior banks, which usually send back currency to New York when their local trade grows lighter after the year is over, will be able next year to spare such reserves as early and as abundantly as usual. Probably these misgivings apply with more force to later weeks or months than to January, when at least some tangible relief is sure to come. What doubters have in mind is the fact that, throughout 1906, each successive spell of returning ease was speedily cut short by a renewed financial strain, growing in severity as the months went by.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bardeen, C. W. The Cloak-Room Thief. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Cambridge Church Records, 1632-1830. Boston: Eben Putnam. $6.
Coleman, Helena. Songs and Sonnets. Toronto: William Briggs.
Fogazzaro, Antonio. The Patriot. Putnams. $1.50.
Hugo's Quatre-Vingt-Treize. Edited by C. Fontaine. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 55 cents.
Lane's Arabian Nights. Edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. Vol. III. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Lau, Robert Julius. Old Babylonian Temple Records. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Ledoux, Louis V. The Soul's Progress and Other Poems. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.
Leonardo Da Vinci's Thoughts on Art and Life. Translated by Maurice Baring. Boston: Merrymount Press.
Lewis, Mary E. The Ethics of Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Logan, John Daniel. Preludes. Toronto: William Briggs.
Nelson's Encyclopædia. Edited by F. M. Colby and G. Sandeman. Vol. x. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Prince, John T. School Administration. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Report of the New York Produce Exchange.
Strong, Anna Louise. The Song of the City. Oak Park, Ill.: Oak Leaves Press.
Vincent, James Edmund. Highways and Byways in Berkshire. Macmillan Co. $2.

The Investments of Life Insurance Companies

By LESTER W. ZARTMAN, Instructor in Insurance, Yale. $1.25 net; by mail $1.37.

An analysis of the investments and the earning power of each class of assets belonging to the life insurance companies. The interest rate has been calculated by an exact method, which has hitherto never been used, making this study of insurance investments of value to all who are concerned in the rate of return upon loanable capital.

Also a discussion of the relation of the investments to social welfare, taking up particularly the important problem of securing a proper control of the immense assets which the companies are accumulating.

HENRY HOLT & CO.

Thomas à Kempis

His Age and His Book

By J. E. G. de Montmorency

With 22 full page illustrations. 8vo. Net $2.25.

A study of movements and events that resulted in the school of thought and the mood of mind which à Kempis represented.

"Contains a vast fund of detailed information. Historical, literary, and critical points are handled throughout in a scholarly manner."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 & 29 West 23d St., N. Y.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

Cloth, 50 cents; leather, $1.00. List on request.
E. P. DUTTON & CO. - - NEW YORK

Financial.

LETTERS OF CREDIT

We buy and sell bills of exchanges and make cable transfers of money on Europe, Australia, and South Africa; also make collections and issue Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in all parts of the world.
International Cheques. Certificates of Deposit.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.
NO. 59 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

George Duke of Cambridge

1819-1903: A Memoir of the Private Life of the Late Duke of Cambridge, based on the Letters and Correspondence of His Royal Highness

Edited by the Rev. EDGAR SHEPPARD, D.D., Sub-Dean of His Majesty's Chapels Royal. With 6 Photogravure Portraits and 21 other Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. $7.00, *net.*

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., New York

PROOFS of LIFE AFTER DEATH

8vo. Cloth, 365 pages, $1.50 net, 12c. postage. A COLLATION OF OPINIONS AS TO A FUTURE LIFE BY THE WORLD'S MOST EMINENT SCIENTIFIC MEN IN CONFUTATION OF THE MATERIALISTIC SCHOOL OF THOUGHT.
HERBERT B. TURNER & CO., Boston, Mass.

THE LIBRARY of LITERARY CRITICISM

Of English and American Authors

Eight volumes. Collected criticism making best authenticated history and perspective of literature, 680 to 1905. Already in use in over 1000 academic institutions. Particulars by mail.
CHAS. A. WENBORNE, Buffalo, N. Y.

STANDARD AUTHORS IN SETS

Balzac, Brontë, Bulwer, Carlyle, Cooper, Dickens, Dumas, De Foe, Eliot, Fielding, Gibbon, Guizot, Hawthorne, Hugo, Irving, Macaulay, Poe, Prescott, Reade, Ruskin, Scott, Smollett, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Tolstoi.

Send for Descriptive Booklet.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., New York

The Man in the Case

A NOVEL OF MYSTERY AND ROMANCE
BY
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

READ THE JANUARY ISSUE
INTERNATIONAL STUDIO
7 Color Inserts. 152 Illustrations.

Reading Case for the Nation,

To receive the current numbers in a convenient (temporary) form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with *The Nation* stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75 cents.

Theodore Roosevelt's

Important Literary and Historical Study

"The Ancient Irish Sagas"

Illustrated in color by J. C. Lyendecker, is in the

January Century

On Every News Stand.

RESEARCHES made in the BOSTON LIBRARY, HARVARD LIBRARY, BOSTON ATHENÆUM. TRANSLATIONS made from French and Italian Summaries of books or chapters; Expert copy and proofreading. F. H. DIKE, Mass. Institute of Technology, Boston.

A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.
EATING TO LIVE.
By JOHN J. BLACK, M.D. With special advice to the Gouty, the Rheumatic, and the Diabetic. Cloth, $1.50 net
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

Literary & Social Studies — Each $1.50 net

IN PERIL of CHANGE
By C. F. G. MASTERMAN.
THE NEW HUMANISM
By EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS
B. W. HUEBSCH, Publisher, N.Y.

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN.—Japan pro of Portrait, engraved on wood in the highest style o the art, sent, charges paid, on receipt of five dollars 5) by GUSTAV KRUELL. 102 Sussex Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED